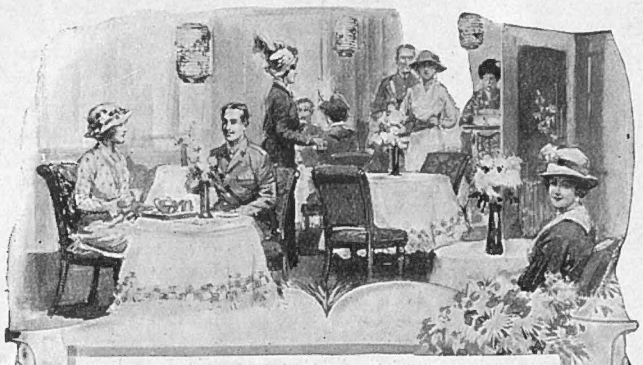

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LUNCHEONS, TEAS, AND DINNERS.

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Pure, per lb. **2/6, 3/6.** Blend, per lb. **2/3, 3/-, 4/-.**
Carriage paid in the U.K.

Formosa Oolong Teas (Pure and Blended) can also be obtained at Ridgways, Ltd., London; R. Twining & Co., Ltd., London; and Andrew Melrose & Co., Edinburgh, and their branches and agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

DAINTY BLOUSE COAT

An exact copy of an exclusive model, made by our own workers in heavy quality Crêpe de Chine, trimmed with Fur, to slip over the head, finished off with sash which crosses in front and ties loosely at back. Also in Charmeuse in black and white and all colours.

69/6

FUR RENOVATIONS AND REMODELLING
Many ladies who under ordinary circumstances would have purchased new furs, will this Season probably determine to have their old furs renovated and remodelled. As the new Winter Models are ready, customers can rely on their furs being remodelled in the newest shapes and at particularly moderate prices.

Debenham & Freebody
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Garden frolics

WHEN the weather's fine there's no place like the garden for the wee folks. There they can romp and play—care-free and happy'—rejoicing in the fresh air and exercise. . .

PHAT PHEET

A fine garden shoe is No. 744. There's just that adaptability about it that stamps it different from ordinary shoes. Strong enough to resist gravel paths, yet not out of place indoors, and it gives ample room for growing feet to develop—naturally. In brown calf and black box.

No. 744

Sizes and prices (including postage):

4-5	5½-7	7½-10	10½-12	12½-1	1½-2	2½-3
7/2	7/9	8/6	9/-	9/9	10/9	11/9

Sample Shoe loaned for Inspection on receipt of 4d. for postage, etc.

For the "Phat Pheet" booklet write to

Daniel Neal
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Dept. 18—126, Kensington High Street, W.

Fitting rooms also at 68-70, Edgware Road, W., and 123, High Street, Putney, S.W.

£1,000,000

If you had a million pounds to invest you would hardly hesitate to choose the War Loan as the safest and most profitable investment of modern times. Firstly, because it provides absolute security for Capital, and secondly offers a good rate of interest.

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"Every Requisite for the Comfort of our Soldiers at the Front."

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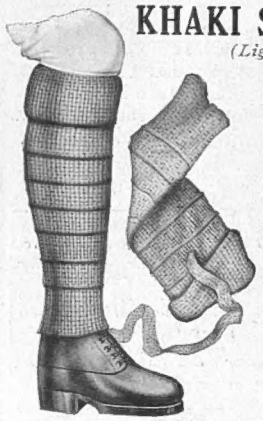
Sporting and Military Hosiers.

KHAKI STOCKING PUTTEES

(Light and Medium Weights).



For use in Home Service when off parade, or at the Front when out of the firing line. The Stockings present the same appearance as regulation puttees, but can be taken on and off in a second. Officers have found them the greatest comfort and relief as a quick change after the strain caused to the legs by ordinary puttees.

PRICE 7/10 post free (United Kingdom)

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LIGHT in weight, yet strong and thoroughly waterproof, the fabric does not tear, is durable, and yields long service. With simple adjustable neck excluding all wet, and arms protected by fasteners, it can be worn as a Rainproof Cape when standing or walking, and as a Waterproof Double or Single Ground-Sheet when resting or sleeping. When not in use it folds up into a small waterproof envelope, 9½ by 7 inches, weighing little over a pound.

PRICE Post free (U.K.) **31/11**

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(A Society for the encouragement of kindness to Animals.)

President: The Rt. Hon. The Earl of Lonsdale.

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(The Original Fund for helping Horses in War.)

President: Lady Smith-Dorrien. *Chairman:* Sir Ernest Flower

Hon. Treasurer: Sir Claud MacDonald.

AN APPEAL.

I'm only a cavalry charger,
And I'm dying as fast as I can
(For my body is riddled with bullets—
They've potted both me and my man);
And though I've no words to express it,
I'm trying this message to tell
To kind folks who work for the Red Cross—
Oh, please help the Blue one as well!

My master was one in a thousand,
And I loved him with all this poor heart,
(For horses are built just like humans,
Be kind to them—they'll do their part);
So please send out help for our wounded,
And give us a word in your prayers—
This isn't so strange as you'd fancy,
The Russians do it in theirs.

I'm only a cavalry charger,
And my eyes are becoming quite dim
(I really don't mind though I'm "done for,"
So long as I'm going to *him*);
But first I would plead for my comrades,
Who're dying and suffering too—
Oh, please help the poor wounded horses!
I'm sure that you would—if you knew.

SCOTS GREYS.

HELP THE FOUR BLUE CROSS HOSPITALS IN FRANCE, THE BLUE CROSS HOSPITALS IN ITALY, AND TO SUPPLY HORSE COMFORTS FOR HOME AND EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

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The Bystander, August 11, 1915.—No. 610. Vol. XLVII

The BYSTANDER

"DES JEUNES ANGLAIS"

BY BLAMPIED

ENTERTAINMENTS.

EMPIRE. "WATCH YOUR STEP." Evenings, at 8.35. Mat., Sat. at 2.15. GEORGE GRAVES, ETHEL LEVEY, JOSEPH COYNE, Dorothy Minto, Blanche Tomlin, Ivy Shilling, Little June, Lupino Lane. Preceded at 8 by "The Vine."

COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8. EDMUND GWENN & Co., in "THE WILL" by J. M. BARRIE. SIR EDWARD ELGAR conducting the "CARILLON" recited by M. CIRLO LITEN; JAMES WELCH in "PUNCTURED"; C. HAWTREY & Co. in "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER," JACK NORWORTH, etc. 7541 Ger.

LONDON HIPPODROME. Twice Daily, 2.30 and 8.30 p.m. New Production, "PUSH AND GO!!!" including SHIRLEY KELLOGG, VIOLET LORAINE, ANNA WHEATON, HARRY TATE, CHAS. BERKLEY, JOHNNY HENNING, etc. Tel. Ger. 650.

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EVENINGS at 8. MATINÉES, SATURDAYS, at 2.
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Rural subjects taught include Poultry, Dairy, Garden, Bees. Children taken for short or long courses. Special holiday fees. A few vacancies still remain for August. See Editorial notice in "The Bystander," June 9, 1915. Apply for prospectus, The Principal, Crosby Home Farm, Crosby-on-Eden, Cumberland.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada, under 11lb. 1½*d.* To any other part of the world the weight would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

BY THE EDITOR

Warsaw

THE placarding of the town with the legend "FALL OF WARSAW" is only another proof of the lack of journalistic tact and chivalry. When a fair lady, after a series of graceful postures suggestive of resistance, finally assumes a recumbent attitude, you do not speak of her "fall." You search the dictionary—French or classical—for a nicer phrase. In the case of Warsaw—I mean the Polish capital—every assistance had been given by the newspapers themselves to the process of euphemistic description. For long, we had been warned that the Grand Duke, having successfully evacuated the untenable Galician positions, might decide to retire to the confines of Russia proper. We were educated into regarding Warsaw as an awkward accident in the strategic scheme. The real defensive position was spoken of as the line of the Vistula: the Polish salient: the Novo Georgievsk - Ivangorod - Brest triangle. Warsaw itself need not have been mentioned by name. We had been trained to regard its occupation by the Germans as merely another of those spectacular devices by which the Kaiser keeps up the spirits of his drooping people, and impresses the neutrals.

***

Who Said "Fall"?

Why undo all this excellent work by advertising the "Fall of Warsaw" as though for all the world it really mattered? Have the literary efforts of the military optimists been ineffectual after all? Almost one fears that they have, and that even when the enemy occupies our own capital, instead of speaking as we should of the "evacuation of the line of the Thames," the "withdrawal from the Home Counties salient," or "the successful retirement from the Barnet-Barking-Brixton triangle," we shall vulgarly talk of the "Fall of London."

N'importe

The Tsar, the German Emperor, and the Austrian Emperor have all promised that after the war Poland shall be re-united and independent, more or less. As the new King won't be a Pole, anyway, is one committing any punishable offence if one says that the Warsavians will probably not trouble themselves very much who he is?

***

Ernest's Escape

The other day the Kaiser was reputed to have decided to make Duke Ernest of Brunswick King of Poland. Since then, however, the young man has evidently obtained his father-in-law's pardon, and the punishment is to be inflicted instead on some unfortunate Austrian Duke.

***

Why?

Why, one wonders, were the Bavarians selected for the honour of taking Warsaw? Of the various peoples engaged in the recent battles in the East, they have certainly not played the leading part, having been chiefly engaged in losing successive battles against our troops on the Western front. Probably the reason is that there has been bickering between Prussians, Austrians and Saxons as to whose should be the honour, and the Bavarians were chosen as a compromise. The future of Po'and looks likely to be the rock on which the enemy Allies will ultimately split.

***

Our War Forecast Competition

As to the consequences of the historic event I impose on myself a certain reticence, for which there is a reason. It will be seen that THE BYSTANDER is offering a prize for the best forecast of the end of the

Natural History Note

TO WHAT HAS WAR REDUCED MANKIND

These are not mythical monsters of the primeval forest, but civilised Christian human beings, A.D. 1915—possibly the unrecognisable husbands, brothers, or sons of readers of this journal engaged in the protection of their throats and nostrils against the poison gases of His Most Christian and Protestant Majesty, William II. of Prussia ! ! !

war—that is to say, of the positions likely to be occupied by the Allied forces on the conclusion of an armistice and the date of that event (for details see pages 190-191, and the map inset with this issue). I should love to be able to offer a few words of assistance, but it is no business of mine to help my readers to help themselves to moneys from THE BYSTANDER'S privy purse. My intention is rather to find out what *they* think than to undertake the very much more difficult task of finding out what *I* think—which, quite between ourselves, I don't.

***

It is the Unexpected that Happens

All our thoughts, Allied and enemy, as to the progress of this campaign, have proved hopelessly wrong. None of us ever thought a year ago that it would be in the West that there would be stalemate, and that the Russian avalanche would roll backwards. When Italy came in, again, there were very few who thought that broken and beaten Austria would be able to offer such resistance as she has done. Nobody last year supposed in his maddest moments that we should ever have invaded Turkey at all, believing that we should have been far too busy defending our Empire against the Hun-led infidel to be able to attack him.

***

The Optimistic View—

Competitors are certain to be divided into various sections. There will be those who are still optimistic as to the Anglo-French "break through" in the west, and these cheery souls will doubtless mark their western sections accordingly. There will be those whose faith in the Russians is unshakeable, whose maps will restore the avalanche to its predestined place at the gates of Berlin, or Vienna, or Pesth. There will be those who pin their faith to Italy, and who will extend the lines of our southern Ally into the heart of Austria. There will be those who believe that "something big" is about to happen on the Serbian frontier, with Rumania joining in on our side—Bulgaria, too, and Greece, perhaps—the British, having imposed peace on the Turks, bringing up the rear.

***

—And the Pessimistic—

Other readers will, perhaps, not be optimistic at all. Patrons of the Northcliffe Press will give the enemy points all along the line. They will see him breaking through to Calais after all (or Paris) on the west, and to Petrograd and Moscow on the east. They will foresee Hunnish hosts hacking their way through Serbia, joining hands with other Hunnish hordes marching from Odessa southward through the Dobrudja (see map). These gentlemen are not at all likely to overlook the claims of the British Isles themselves to be a theatre of war—as why should they, if their friend the enemy is all they advertise him to be?

***

—And Yet Again the Peace-Pessimist

There is another section of possible competitor whom I will call the peace-pessimist. He doesn't like the look of the campaign at all, and believes that the Pope or President Wilson will help the Kaiser by putting up proposals for an inconclusive peace, which our own weak-kneed Ministers may be deluded into accepting. This individual will mark his maps much as they are marked at the present moment (see page 190), giving the Germans, perhaps, a little more Polish territory, and leaving the other fronts as they are. Whatever be my readers' forecasts they are likely to be exceedingly interesting—not the least so in the dates which they give for the ending of the war.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 185)

Senseless Persecution

One of the stupidest of all the stupid campaigns conducted by our super-stupid newspaper Press is now in full blast against an organisation known as the Union of Democratic Control. I have had the literature of this body submitted to me for review, and with many of the pamphlets I profoundly disagree. The main principles of the Union, however, are that the people should have a proper voice in the shaping of the foreign policy carried on in their name, as a result of which they are liable at any moment to be called on to shed their blood. The newspapers are at liberty, if they like, to disagree with this policy, but this is a free country, and I do not see why harmless individuals who are in favour of "democratic control" in foreign, as in home, policy should be the victims of these urchin-like attacks from Grub Street.

***

The Real Saviour of the Empire

PRINCE LOUIS CONFIRMS A "BYSTANDER" DISCLOSURE

"To be quite accurate, it was your humble servant and not Mr. Churchill, who was spending the week-end with his wife at Cromer, who ordered all ships to stand fast instead of demobilising as ordered." In those words, Prince Louis of Battenberg publicly confirms the information first given by a contributor to THE BYSTANDER in our issue of May 26, 1915, as to the true responsibility for the fateful mobilisation of the Fleet in July 1914. As usual, none of the newspapers thought it worth while, when we published this, to avail themselves of the information.

***

The Man Who Did

I presume, by the way, that my old friend *The Globe* is still as proud as ever of its feat in initiating the agitation which brought about the fall of the man who really did save the Empire — Prince Louis of Battenberg — because he happened, like the rest of our Royal family, to be of Germanic origin.

***

A Belloc Forecast

Regarding matters through exclusively expert spectacles has sometimes the effect of clouding the mind's eyesight to things which are clearly visible to the non-expert. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, to whom, as an intelligent optimist, be all praise, writes of the prospects of a Prussian appeal for peace. He gives as his ground Prussia's alleged belief that a prolongation of the war will mean that she will have numbers and munitions against her, and that peace now is her only hope of avoiding ultimate disaster.

***

Prussia's Hope of a Knock Out

I can hardly believe that Prussia regards the future in this statistical fashion. However great the entire total numbers of men and munitions which the Allies may one day array against Germany, they are a composite not a solid mass, and Germany fully calculates that the atoms will sooner or later disintegrate. She probably believes that she has it in her power to sever from the Alliance at least half its numerical strength by a pulverising blow at the entire Russian Army.

***

The Fatal "If"

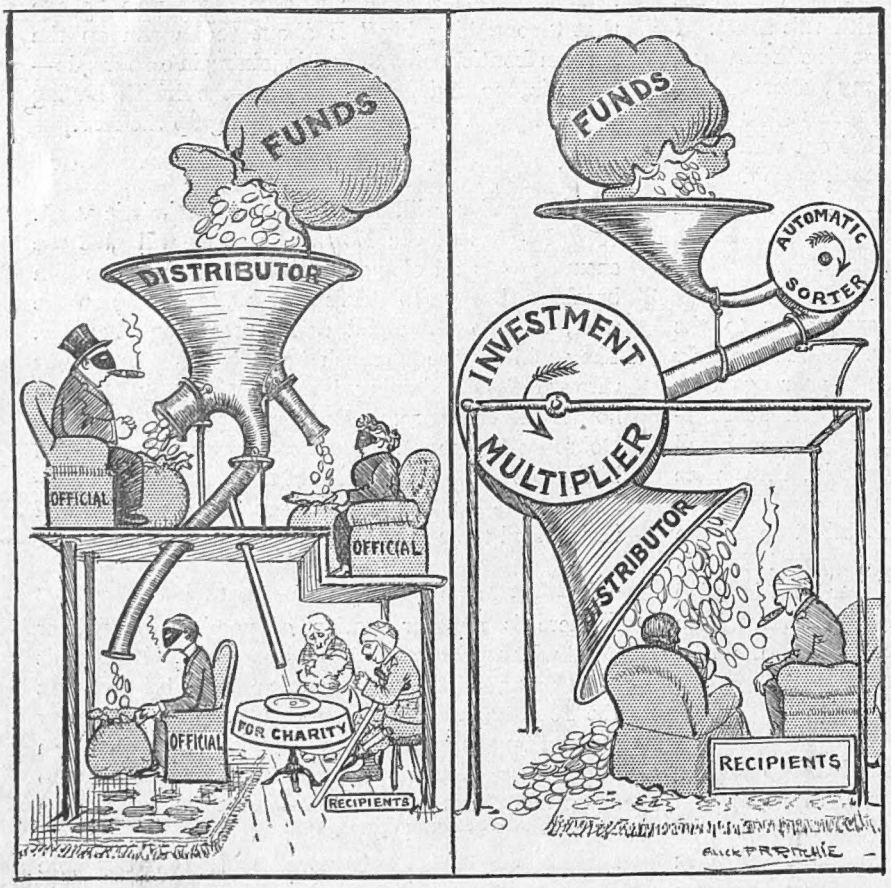
We may hope this will prove a delusion, but clearly enough it is calculated upon, and if it unfortunately happened, there would be none of Mr. Belloc's "Allied superiority in numbers" to compel the enemy to make peace. Seek it he certainly might for what Mr. Belloc, in italics, would call *political* or *economic* reasons, but not, I am afraid, for military ones.

***

England Alone?

A total defeat of Russia would have a bad (italics again, please, Mr. Printer) *moral* effect on France and Italy, and propitious overtures in those quarters might have the consequence of leaving Britain alone in the field. That happened during the war with Napoleon, and we rather revelled in it. But, then, we had no Pessimists in those days.

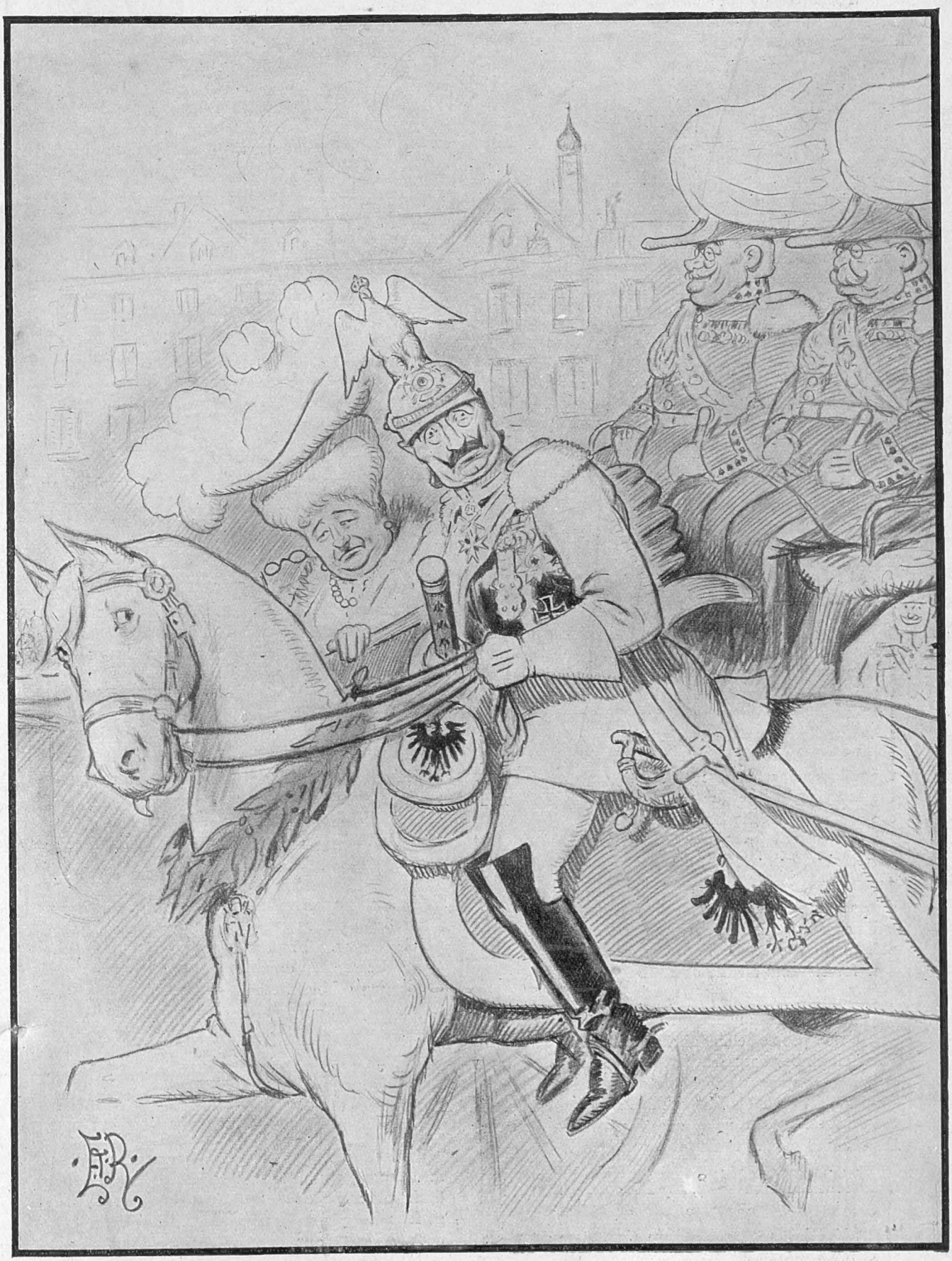
Where Does the Money Go?



AS IT IS— —AND AS IT SHOULD BE

How much of the takings of the various war charities actually reaches the alleged recipients?

The Entry Into Warsaw



THE KAISER (to the Kaiserin): "Yes, I know my dear, I know!! It is very depressing bowing to all these empty houses—but we mustn't be too particular, dear—it's about the only 'Triumphal Entry' we have immediately in prospect. After all, you know, it's something to be able to enter anything!!"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

LONDON, *August* 9, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

IT'S the great feast of St. Grouse this week, but it won't be "grouse as usual," you know, whatever anyone says. There's no getting away from it, the classes that do these things aren't in the mood for the more expensive pleasures—haven't I just read somewhere that an American duchess has sent eight of her footmen "to the war," and now is just scraping along somehow with a score or so parlourmaids?

* * *

And for some of us, too, though perhaps not the very, very wisest, there is right at the back of our minds a sort of a kind of feeling that the mere fact of shooting *anything*, even nice things to eat, is just at the moment rather too reminiscent of that other deadlier shooting over on the other side.

* * *

Casualties—331,000! No, I know I mustn't be depressing—as a dear, nice soldier-man's just said when I told him I thought I really must go and be a nurse or something, so as to "do my bit" more thoroughly. "Much better keep on amusing us, Blanche!" But sometimes—well, it comes over one, as my soldiers' wives say. And the thought of all war means, all the fearful waste and all the graves of all the gallant men who were all dear to someone—it takes the taste out of the Cantelupe, and makes me bored even with the Pêche Melba.

* * *

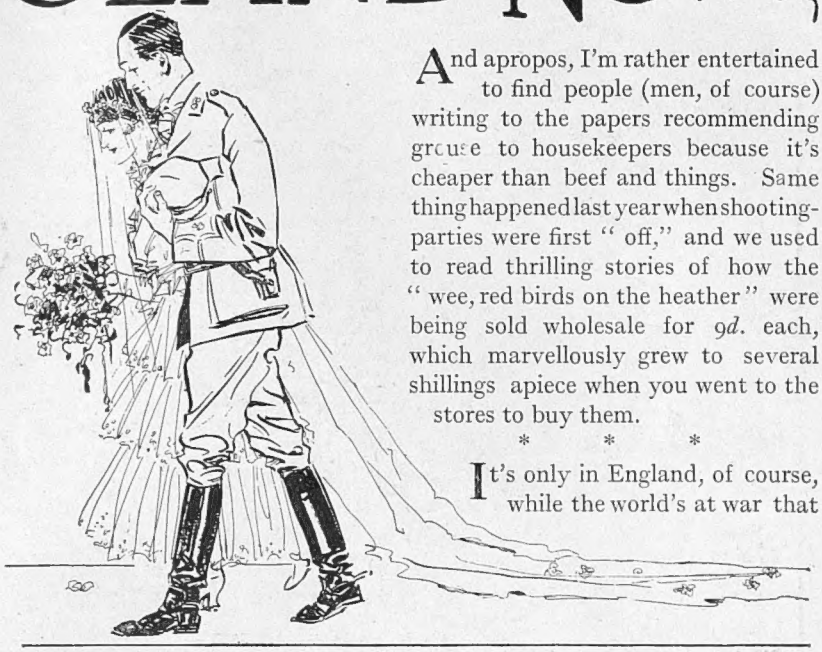
About the Glorious Twelfth, though—there's something, perhaps, in making hay while the sun shines and all that sort of thing. For soon it really looks as if only the very, very richest among us will be able to run grouse-shootings and salmon-fishings, and deer forests, and all the other top-price diversions.

* * *

Which reminds me, isn't it amusing hearing all the rich people telling all the others to economise? We shall all be poorer, says one of the most successful of our actor-managers who goes about with dukes and Prime Ministers and things and gets nourishment at the Carlton. "But what does it matter? The war has reduced money to its proper perspective." H'm, yes. . . . But the Carlton sort of perspective is such a different one from—well, say Lockhart's, isn't it?

* * *

But I've just read somewhere that there are three million grouse waiting to be killed—a million more than most years—so I suppose someone's got to bring them down some time somehow, or there'll positively be overcrowding on the moors—and there's no time to attend to social reform questions just now.



"There are still heaps of weddings, 'Society' and otherwise, but nearly all with the bridegroom in khaki, of course"

And apropos, I'm rather entertained to find people (men, of course) writing to the papers recommending grouse to housekeepers because it's cheaper than beef and things. Same thing happened last year when shooting-parties were first "off," and we used to read thrilling stories of how the "wee, red birds on the heather" were being sold wholesale for 9*d*. each, which marvellously grew to several shillings apiece when you went to the stores to buy them.

* * *

It's only in England, of course, while the world's at war that people even talk about, much less go on with, these occupations *de luxe*—really, I believe we'd still crowd the stalls to hear the last thing in revues and see the latest fox-trot, no matter *what* disaster happened. Wouldn't be at all a bad idea, *I* don't think, if someone *did* run a few trips to the trenches.

* * *

For what one doesn't actually see it's quite extraordinarily difficult for an unimaginative nation like us to realise. And we do so hate realities too—just imagine *us*, for instance, appointing a D'Annunzio, as Italy has, to chronicle our war. Even the train of tears going out from Victoria every day, though the crowds surge to stare at it and its khaki freight through the barriers, doesn't really seem to tell us anything.

* * *

The men themselves don't realise, not till they get to the other side. And not even then, quite at the beginning. I'm told they do with the utmost cheerfulness that dreary dusty march over those everlasting cobbles from ———, their landing-place, to the base at ———, which are said to have downed even some of the crack marching regiments.

* * *

But all the more cheerfully, of course, if there are one or two men in the ranks who can sing—music's one of the few nice things in life that even war can't make anything but delicious and delightful. "Worth their weight in gold to a regiment, the singing men among them," an officer who's always taking drafts over to France has just said to me. "They'll go for miles and miles when they're singing, and drop out after half an hour when they aren't."

* * *

He told me how a lot of new men on the march met a war-worn Scotch regiment coming down from the trenches. "Are we downhearted?" the new men cheerily shouted. "No," answered the

Scotchmen, "but you d——d well will be when you've had a look at it."

* * *

It's a little joke against some of the Artillery people, by the way, that they're being sent out to use trench mortars, and they say one of the most dangerous games the men in the trenches are playing just now is throwing those grenades. There's only three seconds to do it in, because of the fuse, and you have to look slippy or they explode on the thrower, who has a way sometimes, too, of inviting disaster if he's young and rash by hitting the back of the trench as he whirls the horrid thing round his head.

* * *

Stories, by the way, that the Prince of Wales is so apt to get into dangerous places, and can hardly be held back from the front of things, are rather flights of imagination. I'm told he *did* ask his C.O. the other day for two favours—(1) to see a dead German, (2) to spend twenty-four hours in the trenches. But the second was promptly, though politely, refused—as to the other request he was told any number would be provided for him whenever he said the word.

* * *

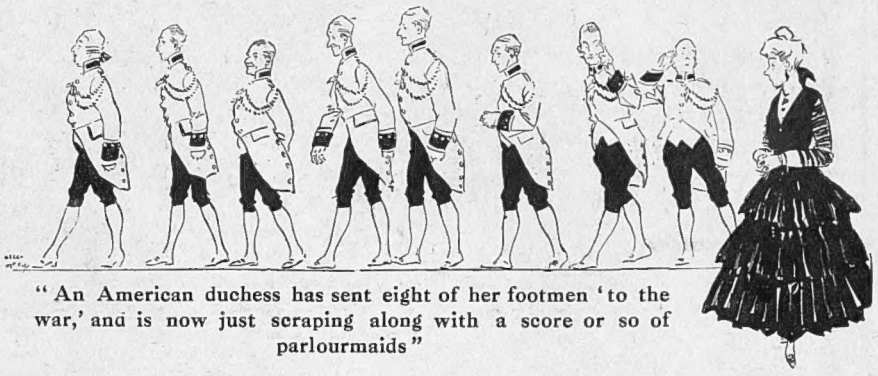
The man who seems to be rather in favour is Sir Herbert Plumer, about the only man, I believe, whose reputation survived South Africa whole. You remember he did part of the last of French's despatches—by the way, we never seem to get one now—off his own bat.

* * *

Twenty miles is, I'm told, the length of the coming extension of our line in France, which makes our Army responsible for the equivalent of London to Prighton—a distance you could do in a Pullman while you lunched.

* * *

Love laughs at war—fortunately for the birth-rate!—and there are still heaps of weddings, "Society"



"An American duchess has sent eight of her footmen 'to the war,' and is now just scraping along with a score or so of parlourmaids"

and otherwise, but nearly all with the bridegroom in khaki, of course. Indeed, I've just heard of a young woman who's been engaged for ages and could have got married months ago, but she was so anxious to be in the movement and have a war wedding that she absolutely refused to name the day until her man was under orders for the front. All very nice for the girl, as a brother officer put it, but rough luck on the man—"there's no *éclat* about being a war-bridegroom out in the trenches!"

* * *

Apropos of war weddings, people are smiling at a little story that's going the rounds about a recently announced engagement. The notice thereof appeared, it seems, quite as a surprise to the father of the prospective bridegroom, who was conducting the financial side of the affair, and hadn't got nearly so far as a formal announcement. Urgent inquiry as to who'd sent the notice to the papers elicited the reply—mother-in-law, or words to that effect. After which—well, you can't contradict a lady, can you?

* * *

Another of the bridegrooms of the week who'll be simply frightfully rich one day could have had a Royal bride, so they say, only—well, he didn't feel like it. And another, "they say," is that it was really a lot of fuss about nothing—all that indignation about the Commons taking a six weeks' holiday. Seems the members haven't been turning up even when the House was sitting, and one day when the Munitions Bill was on the stocks it very nearly got counted out—there weren't fifty members present!

* * *

On Bank Holiday one gathered plainly enough from the crowds that went to the usual places and did the things that Bank Holiday crowds usually do, that it isn't in the ranks of the upper and middle classes that the young man, who looks as if he ought to be in khaki and isn't, is principally to be found. But, after all, it's not so easy to spot a *real* shirker as it looks, is it?

* * *

Next week I'll write to you from somewhere by the seaside. And meanwhile, August's come in, as usual, like a hungry lion, thunderous and glowering. But the Zeps tarry.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

"Much better keep on amusing us, Blanche!"

Positions of the Allies, August 7, 1915.—A Guide to War Prophets

The above map is a facsimile reproduction of the map enclosed with this issue, marked with the lines of the allied forces in all the European theatres as they were at the end of last week after the fall of Warsaw. Competitors are invited to mark on the map inset the positions of the same forces as they anticipate they will be on the conclusion of hostilities

HOW WILL THE WAR END?

"Bystander" War Forecast Competition.

Presented as a Separate Sheet with this Issue is a

WAR FORECAST MAP AND ENTRY FORM.

On the map, you are asked to mark the positions which you anticipate will be occupied by the Allied Armies on the cessation of hostilities. Also you are asked to give your forecast of the date at which hostilities will cease.

To the sender of the forecast which is judged by the Editor, on the close of hostilities, to be the most skilful, will be awarded a

Prize of £50

In the event of two or more forecasts being judged of equal merit, the prize will be awarded to the sender of the first of these to reach this office. There is no objection to an individual reader sending additional forecasts in subsequent weeks.

The latest date for sending in will be September 30, but the Editor reserves the right to extend it to a later date if circumstances make this advisable and, in the unlikely event of the war closing before that date, to conclude it earlier.

Members of the Services at Home or Abroad are specially invited to compete.

In the event of the best forecast being that of a soldier or sailor subsequently killed on active service, the prize will be awarded to the next-of-kin.

See on page opposite Map showing positions of Allied Forces on day of going to press.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final.

The winning map and entry form will be reproduced with the announcement of the award.

All details as to Competition on Map and Entry Form Inset with this number.

Business and Patriotism

SOME HOME TRUTHS FOR THE GENTLE GERMANS

BY "DOWNWRITER"

AMONG the changes that have taken place since this time last year is a distinct one in our mental attitude towards the enemy. We have learned to accept him at more or less his own valuation. We cease to measure him by normal standards, and realise that we are dealing with a monstrosity, of well-known monstrous habits. We don't nowadays denounce him so much.

As to his verbal outrages, the insults he heaps on us in his papers, formerly we were inclined to repel them with heat. Now we read them quite calmly. In a German paper, we accept the description of ourselves as mercenaries, cowards, thieves, pirates, shufflers, hucksters, etc., etc., and positively feel like all those things rolled into one. When my eye lights on an extract from the *Cologne Gazette* or *Hamburg Fremdenblatt* I change immediately from an ordinary Englishman of would-be breadth of mind and good nature into the unspeakable fiend I know I am going to read that I am.

Just as the third degree cross-examiner in an American detention prison, by repeatedly accusing the suspect of the crime, ultimately induces the innocent to believe in his own guilt, so these clever German journalists, by constantly repeating their charges against us of having started the war for our own base ends, are slowly beginning to make us believe we really did, and to wonder how on earth we were ever so clever, so enterprising, and so audacious as to have done anything of the kind.

Sometimes, however, we feel generously inclined towards our accusers, as, for instance, when they make slight mistakes which are of no consequence, but are just as well corrected. For instance, the *Cologne Gazette*, after a general claim that no one of the Allies had any patriotism at all, and that only the Germans really loved their country, says: "The Englishman knows only a native country in which perchance he saw the light of the world, and in which he was brought up to enjoy a miserable education in inefficient schools in which he learns the only thing that England knows—that business is everything."

A year ago we should have said that, compared to the man who wrote that, Ananias was George Washington. We should have said impolite things about his mother, commiserated with the unhappy place in which he happened to be born; should have sympathised with his neighbours, with anybody whose horrible lot it was even to be within a mile of such a monument of super-imbecility. But now, no! We don't feel in the least angry with him. We know him so very well, and that this is the sort of thing he writes because, poor devil, he can't help it. It's the influence on the brain of the smells of his ill-drained city, or of badly cooked sausages, or inadequate pay, or of *sauerkraut*, or of Kaiserism, or kultur, or something equally desperate. In sheer sympathy, we almost feel as if we should like to meet him, to stroke his hand, and to tell him gently—oh, so gently—the well-known truth to everybody in England that there is one thing, and one thing only, that is never by any possible chance taught in any English school, and that is anything whatever about business.

"Business" is a subject of tuition neither in the schools of the poor nor of the rich. Botany, if you like. Music, yes. Geology, chemistry, astronomy; Latin, Greek, Sanscrit, sometimes. Algebra, Euclid, trigonometry, political economy, physics. All sorts of things. But not business; no, never. If it were, does the priceless idiot—I mean the poor, under-paid, over-fed, beery, sausage-eating, bumptious blithering idiot who writes for the *Cologne Gazette*—suppose in the name of heaven that English employers would have been hiring German clerks and travellers all these years instead of native ones?

Isn't the very success of the Germans in commerce which they claim to be the prime reason why we started this war due to the fact that the English are *not* taught that "business is everything" or that it is anything at all? Aren't we notoriously, as a nation, the least businesslike that exists on earth? Aren't the English, of all peoples, successful in business *in spite of* themselves and their educations, chiefly because the good Lord rather loves them, they being themselves a nation of altruistic children? In the Government of "hucksters" who "started the war," was there a single business man? Was there a single one of them who could add up correctly a row of figures, or who could have told you off-hand the name of his stockbroker (I except the Samuels and Montagus, who are of the chosen race)? No, sir. You can call the English a nation of dreamers, of poets, of sophists, of pedants, of lawyers, but there is one thing they are not, and that is a nation of shopkeepers.

The Germans themselves have accused us of being the worst tradesmen in the world, who never sell the thing that is really wanted to the people who really want it, and never trouble our heads to win a new customer if we can possibly do without him. Our businesses, as a rule, are only efficient when headed by a Scotsman, Welshman, an American, or a Jew. As to our mercenary army, if you really want to make Tommy Atkins laugh, tell him he joined the service for the pay. Tell him that next time he finds you in a trench, and, maybe, in the mirth of the moment, he'll spare your life.

(Continued on page 194)

What it Means to be a Hero

FROM THE HERO'S OWN POINT OF VIEW

BY BERT THOMAS

BUSINESS AND PATRIOTISM (concluded from page 192)

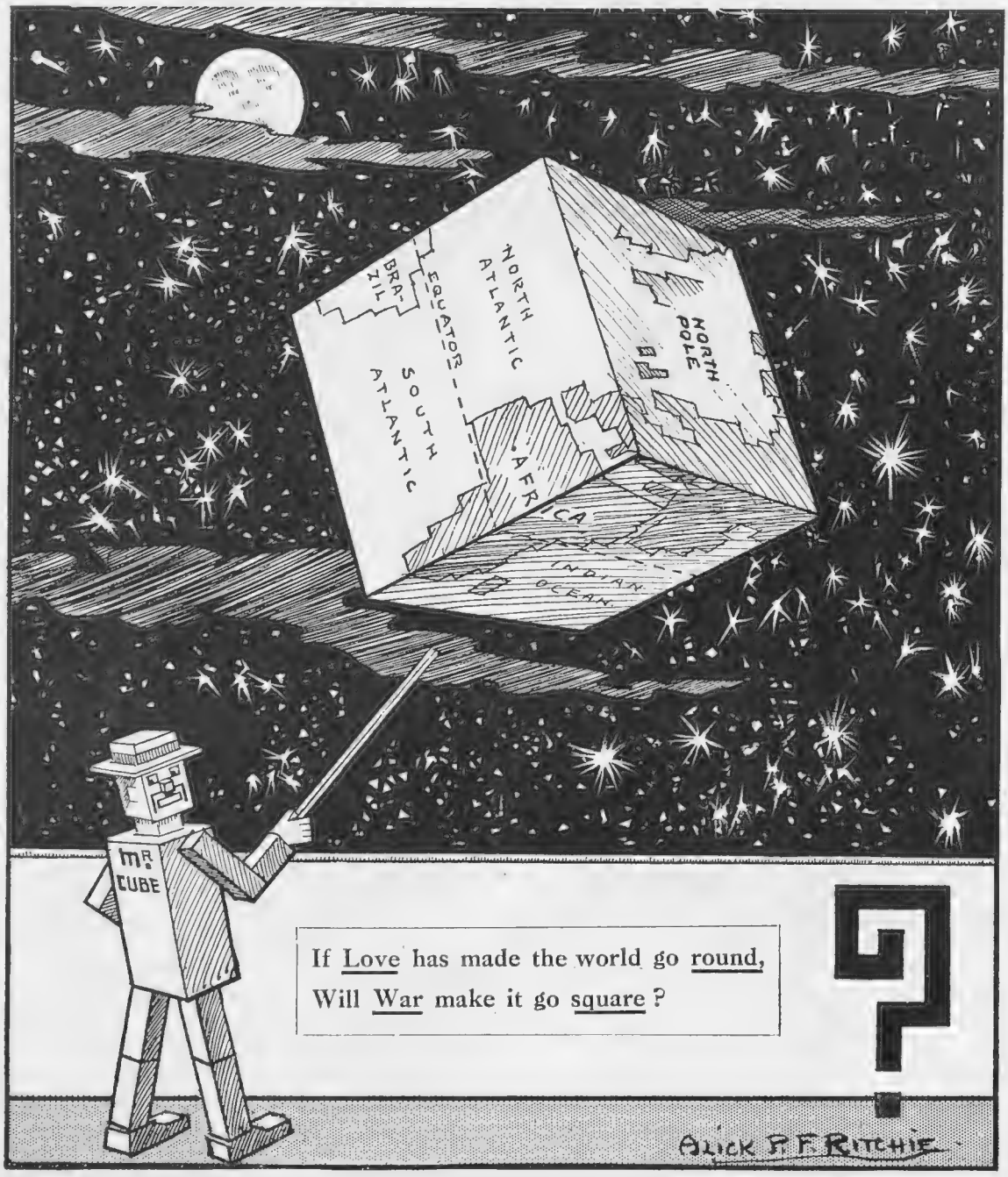
Having satisfied our Cologne friend on that point, I would like to tell him all about our patriotism. He says that only the Germans have a "Fatherland," that the English language knows no such word. True. We call it the Motherland, or the Homeland, or the "Old Country," or "Old England."

And *don't* we love it? Well, Herr Kolnischer, when you get into contact with Tommy Atkins in that trench, and he's spared your idiot life for your funniosity in calling him a "mercenary," just tell him he doesn't love the country he's out fighting for. "Blightie," as he calls it. His answer will be one that I'm sure you'll appreciate, for it will confer on you the priceless privilege of proving your love for yours by dying for it on the spot.

If you survive and we are fated to meet in peace-time, and it is I who have to answer the question, I won't bayonet you. I won't even talk about our Government, our institutions, our writers, and poets, or army, or our navy. I'll give you some roast beef and fresh vegetables and some fruit tart and brown ale in a certain creeper-clad farmhouse I wot of, and afterwards we'll take a stroll somewhere where there's a cornfield by the sea on the cliff where stands the little half-ruined church, around which the poppies grow. It will be sunset, and silent save for the church bell and the wash of the waves below and a song-bird or two. I'll just invite you to tell me that Englishmen don't like England, and if you do, I won't push you over the cliff, but just leave you to your lie, and to the God in whose hearing you'll have uttered it.

DOWNWRITER

A Queer Query by "Mr. Cube"



WHAT NOW of the WAR?

Aspects and Prospects by Land and Sea

The Invasion of England Problem

A DARDANELLES OBJECT-LESSON. BY MAJOR G. W. REDWAY

IT must be nearly thirty years ago that the present writer lighted on a little book called "The Fighting of the Future," and thus became acquainted with its author, a young infantry officer who has since made his mark in the world, and is known to-day as General Sir Ian Hamilton. Sir Ian's literary proclivities have, however, always been kept within the bounds prescribed for a soldier, and his forceful pen has lately been employed on a proper occasion to tell the story of the landing at the Dardanelles, in a dispatch which is quite the most illuminating document this war has yet produced.

* * * * *

I say it is illuminating because it sets forth in racy English not only what was done, and how it was done, but why it was done; so that the reader may learn, for instance, how strategy is influenced by geography; and, further, may perceive how the lesson of the Dardanelles may be applied nearer home, although we live in an island and not on a peninsula. There are, of course, peninsulas which are in a strategic sense merely islands—Spain, for instance. A Spanish army in difficulties could not retire into France, and, therefore, has virtually no more hinterland than if the Iberian peninsula were an island. On the other hand, the neutrality of France and Portugal would protect Spain in two quarters, whereas the islander must "box the compass" in order to defend himself at all points.

* * * * *

Turkey, however, in placing troops on the peninsula of Gallipoli is merely putting her tongue out at the invader. She may thereby lose a slice of territory, but her army can be withdrawn in good time behind the lines of Bulair into the interior, a situation so favourable to the Turk that neutral observers naturally exclaim, in reference to the commander of the Allies: "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*" And who can answer that question but the Cabinet? Certainly we need not seek in Sir Ian's dispatch for the motives of sending an expedition to the Dardanelles—policy is no affair of the soldier—but merely for the military reasons why the landing took place when it did and where it did.

* * * * *

Now the question is often asked, Why could not the expedition have landed further north, on the shore of the Gulf of Saros—Sir Ian more correctly terms it the Gulf of Xeros—and thus have "turned" all the southern defences? There are two reasons for our precedure: one is that a small force landing on a long stretch of coastland has both its flanks exposed as well as its front, a point which Sir Ian ignores as obvious, remembering that his dispatch is addressed to his chief, the War Minister, and is not primarily a popular exposition. The other reason he states, and it is all-sufficient. The precipitous fall of the hills along the gulf coast precludes landing except at a few narrow gullies, far too restricted for any serious movement, a fact that became known to Sir Ian only after personal investigation. Thus we reach a principle of general application in all invasion problems, namely, that apart from the naval power indispensable to obtain temporary command of the sea, the invader must pick and choose his landing-place in accordance with the force at his disposal, and in accordance with local conditions ascertainable only on the spot.

* * * * *

Sir Ian is also silent on another factor in the case which was beyond his province, namely, strategical surprise. It was not the General's fault that the Turks had had three months' warning of our intentions. All he could do was to make the best of the situation by arranging a simultaneous landing at several points so as to distract the enemy in a tactical sense. This principle of surprising the enemy both strategically and tactically also may be applied to a domestic prospect which will often obtrude itself whenever the Blue Water School is looking the other way. The dispatch did not mention the number of our casualties, but we have since learnt that the British army and navy alone lost 42,434 of all ranks up to June 30 in securing a footing on the peninsula and establishing a maritime base. This fact has an important bearing on the question whether an invader should be tackled at the outset when time has permitted the defenders to mobilise and concentrate their forces.

* * * * *

The Commander of the Mediterranean Expedition, it seems, reached the scene of operations in time to see the amphibious battle between warships and land fortresses on March 18, and yet the landing did not take place till April 25. More than a month was spent in reconnaissance, in redistributing the troops on their transports, and in waiting for the weather—a circumstance which inevitably recalls Napoleon's long sojourn at Boulogne for a very similar purpose. The trip from Mudros Harbour to Tenedos was made in the night of April 23, but a whole day was then consumed in transferring the troops from the transports to the

(*Continued on page 196*)

WHAT NOW OF THE WAR? (*continued from page 195*)

warships and fleet sweepers, in which they were to approach the beach. The weather was ideal, for at dawn there was a smooth sea "like glass," while a thin veil of mist hid the boats from the shore, advantages which in other days would have ensured a peaceful landing; but, alas! the "sick man"—as we used to call the Turk—has recovered, and now has all his wits about him; and that is why at "V" beach the moment the first boat touched bottom a tornado of fire swept over the Dublin Fusiliers and the naval boats' crews. The soldiers who survived to reach a wall of sand 4 feet high got some shelter, but the boats and their crews were destroyed upon the beach.

* * * * *

Then the *River Clyde* endeavoured to disembark her living cargo, but a strong current interfered with the steering of the lighters, while an intense fire was poured upon the watermen. The company of the Munster Fusiliers who at last got ashore was shot down while crossing the beach. Another company was plunged into the sea by a pier of lighters parting under the strain of the current, and many men were drowned by the weight of their equipment; and yet a third company of Munsters threw themselves ashore under a hail of shrapnel, as well as rifle, pom-pom, and machine-gun fire. Then the lighters went adrift altogether, and in one of them a General and his Brigade-Major were shot dead, and so at "V" beach before ten in the morning of a fine battalion 1,000 strong nearly half had been killed or wounded before they could reach the bit of cover afforded by the drifted sand. A similar story is told of the forces engaged at other points.

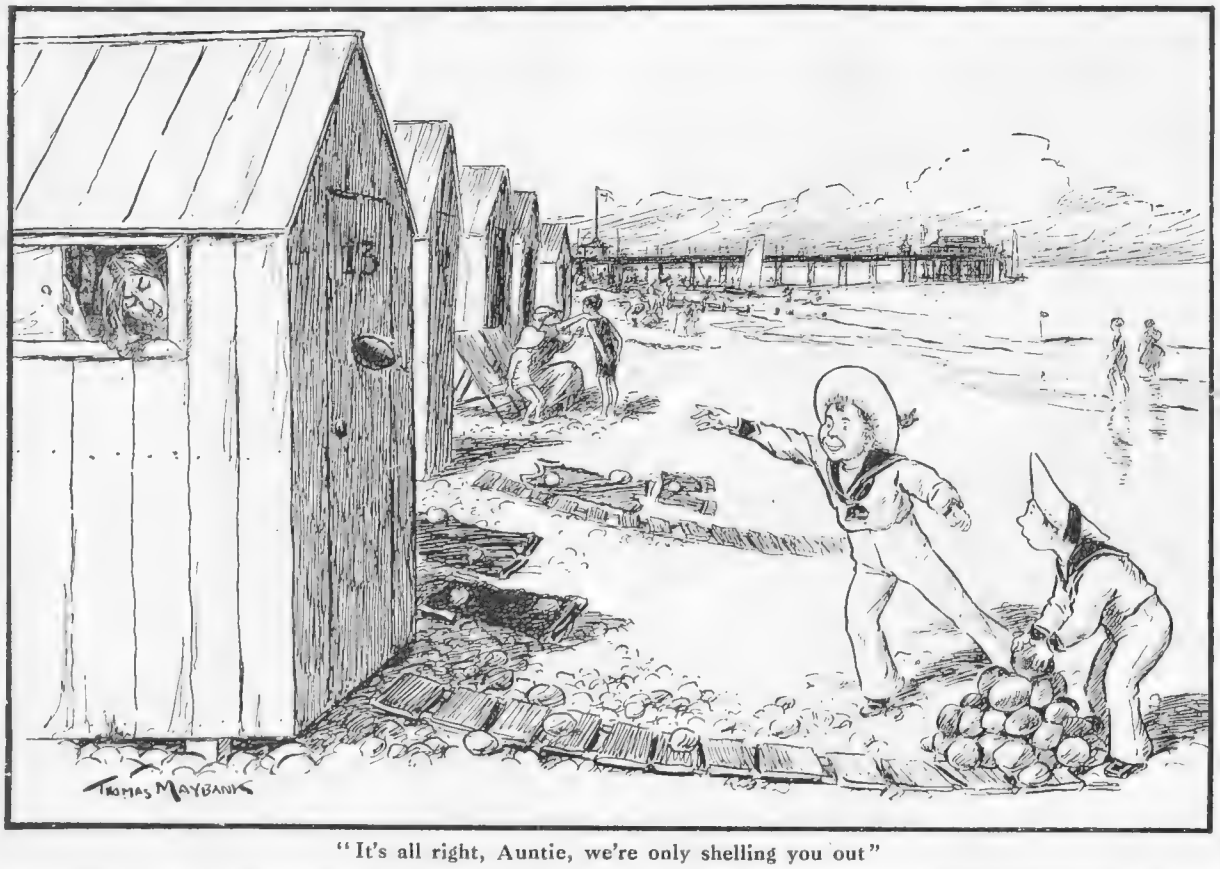
Now in these misadventures there is a crumb of comfort for some of us who are fearful of a German invasion. If the task of landing troops is so difficult to an expeditionary force convoyed by the British Navy we may hope that London or Edinburgh or Manchester will not be taken by a *coup de main*. On the other hand, we must give up the idea that foreign troops will necessarily make for one of our defended harbours, for evidently they can land on a beach even under the fire of rifles and guns with submarine obstacles to boot, and we need not ask how the invaders would subsist after landing with the fate of Belgium before our eyes, and with the knowledge that our country towns are bursting with the produce of war bonuses and other financial windfalls of the past twelve months.

* * * * *

The Germans already have all the local knowledge they need to exploit the resources of our industrial districts. If the miners of South Wales ever think of such things they probably imagine that the defences of the Bristol Channel will always secure their homes, and thus support their enterprises against capital, but, of course, there are other routes to a region which contains half the population of Wales, and since the Germans have a particular affection for Welsh coal, their occupation of South Wales is a much more likely thing to happen than the siege of London. And then the coal-owners and their men would enjoy the privilege of gratuitous labour as an alternative to starving at the behest of a German military governor enforced by the bayonets of German Socialists. There is another aspect of the invasion problem which may be worth glancing at on a future occasion.

(*To be continued*)

In Training for the Next War



"It's all right, Auntie, we're only shelling you out"

Pacifists, We Fear!

BRITONS WHO DO NOT WANT A PROLONGED WAR

Photo *Alfieri*

A GROUP OF BRITISH CIVILIAN PRISONERS AT RUHLEBEN

Taken just before a meal-time. Though evidently by no means downhearted, the majority of them probably would NOT gnash their teeth with conventional rage at the announcement of a declaration of peace

Disturbers

A SEASIDE

f the Peace

CONTRAST

BY SECOND-LIEUT. ARTHUR WATTS, R.N.V.R.

The Naval Future

BY FRED T. JANE

IT is dangerous to prophesy unless you know. And unless you prophesy according to the tastes of those to whom you prophesy you are likely to get more kicks than ha'pence, even though in the far hence you secure the satisfaction of saying "I told you so!" Right back in the days of Ahab and Jehoshaphat things were like this.

On which account I confine myself only to generalities. So far as big ships are concerned, German policy is obviously concentrated on waiting till the crews of our capital ships get tired.

My Biblical knowledge is shaky; it is only from memory that I quote. But in the Psalms there is something about:

"So the Lord awaked as one out of sleep; and like a giant refreshed with wine, He smote his enemies in the hinder parts, and put them to a perpetual shame."

* * * * *

If and when the High Sea Fleet does come out this is about what will happen, I fancy. Nothing more. The hinder part of them will get hurt. The bulk of them will get back. It is most unlikely that there will be any Trafalgar in this war. Should there be one, it will be due to a German blunder.

For the rest it is hard to see anything to stop the present situation from continuing indefinitely.

A day may come—probably will come—when we break up the German submarine blockade. Reams of rubbish have been written by half-witted folk about the submarine being "the weapon of the weaker power." These folk have speculated vaguely about the limitations of the submarine, its powerlessness except under certain conditions, and so on and so forth. All true in a way, where German submarines are at issue; but absolute rubbish where submarines *quâ* submarines are concerned.

The submarine is the weapon of the stronger Power; and it is a weapon of Dreadnought value at the least. Our resources are such that for every submarine built by Germany we can build at least two, while for every boat for which she can find efficient officers we can find at least half a dozen. We breed the necessary and all-essential article. Germany does not.

The submarine service, so far as officers are concerned, may be described as a bit of Nelson's Navy carried on by modern young fellows just out of their 'teens. You cannot *teach* any man to be at one and the same time responsible and irresponsible, reckless and cautious, sane and insane.

But none the less these are roughly the specifications for a submarine officer. We grow the breed. We grew them in the frigates of Nelson times; we grow them still in our submarines (and aeroplanes) of to-day. It is a type that faces Death as a jest and Life as a rather serious affair. It is not particularly brainy; it has the brains for its own job, but it does not spread itself out over psychology or metaphysics. It has no courage of the cinema type: it will face death with a jest on its lips if need be; but it will take every possible precaution against being killed. It conceives its mission as to kill the enemy rather than to risk being killed by him. And if any member of it gets the V.C. the recipient and all his messmates likewise wonder "Why the devil why?"

* * *

This is our main asset in this war. In the matter of patriotic instincts the Germans are at least our equals. The Germans are ready to die. Our submarine officers don't want to die: they want to kill. They don't want to die if they can help it.

This, of course, is purely psychology. But psychology is a factor which cannot be ignored. Everything in the womb of the future probably turns on this point: the German who is ready to die for his country; the Britisher whose chief idea is to *kill* for his country.

So far the chance has hardly come. So far this may seem an idle prophecy. But the time *will* come. It sounds like "hot air" to-day; things of this sort always do sound like hot air. But our greatest asset for the future is *the determination to kill the enemy.*

* * * * *

It exists, of course, in every branch of the Navy. It exists in the lordly Dreadnought quite as much as in the lowly submarine. But, for this war at any rate, the future lies mainly with the submarine and the aeroplane. It is a matter of the upper and the nether millstone. It is up to the Dreadnoughts to destroy all that escapes from these two forces; but here the future is likely to see the be-all and end-all of Dreadnoughts as they exist to-day.

New craft and strange craft we may expect to appear. Our resources are such that we should welcome every novelty that the Germans may introduce. We are in a position to go one better in every case.

Money! The question of money does not enter. Greater issues are involved.

And these all centre round the fighting implements.

* * * * *

Since no Minister of Naval Munitions has been created, we may, I think, take it that the Navy looked after itself in the palmy days of peace. And money or no money, the Navy is going to carry on, and is in a position to carry on. We may look to see it carrying on with weapons and instruments which were strange or altogether unknown when the war started; but we can depend on it that the Navy *will* carry on.

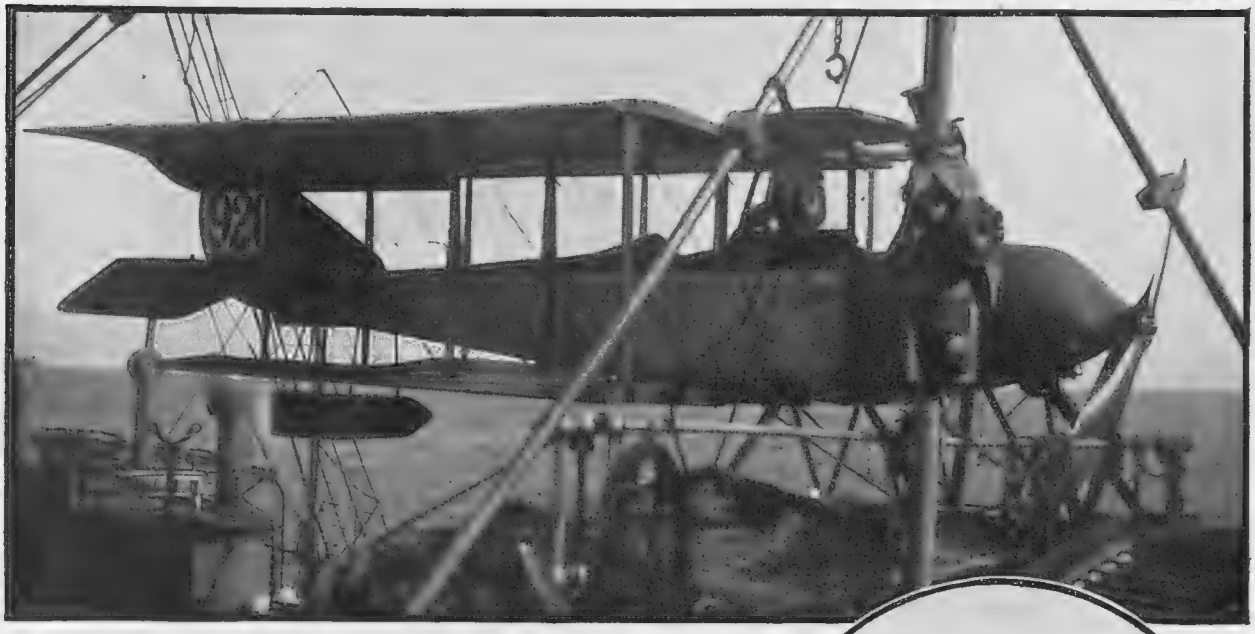
For this we may mainly thank Admiral Lord Fisher. In the days of peace he kept the Navy more or less on the jump, introducing this innovation and that. As often as not the innovations were as worthless as his enemies averred. But they did inure the British Navy to constant changes; and now in the day of war they *tell*, and tell heavily. The British Navy is absolutely inured to sudden changes—inured also to accommodating itself to such changes. Here, at least, we may be optimistic. Germany *cannot* beat the British Navy in the matter of adaptability to new conditions.

Along the old lines, Germany had her chance of doing something against us—perhaps of doing something really serious. She, however, has thrown the old ways overboard—it is all a matter of the new ways now.

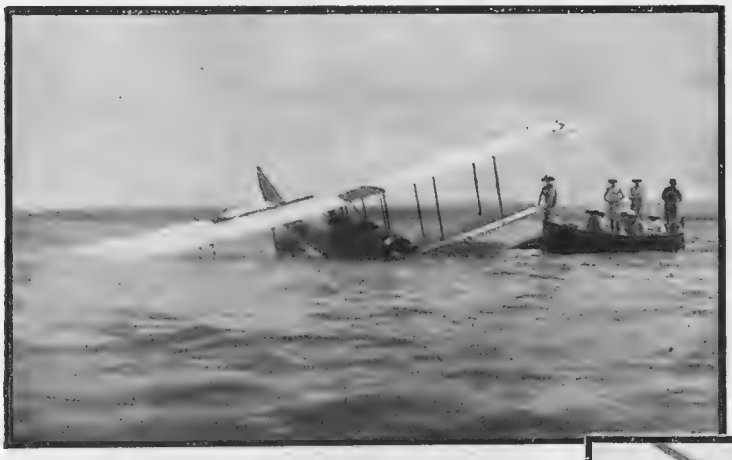
That is the future. We can face that future without fear. Our Navy is adaptable beyond all others.

The Story of a Seaplane

AN ACCIDENT SOMEWHERE AT SEA: IN FIVE CHAPTERS

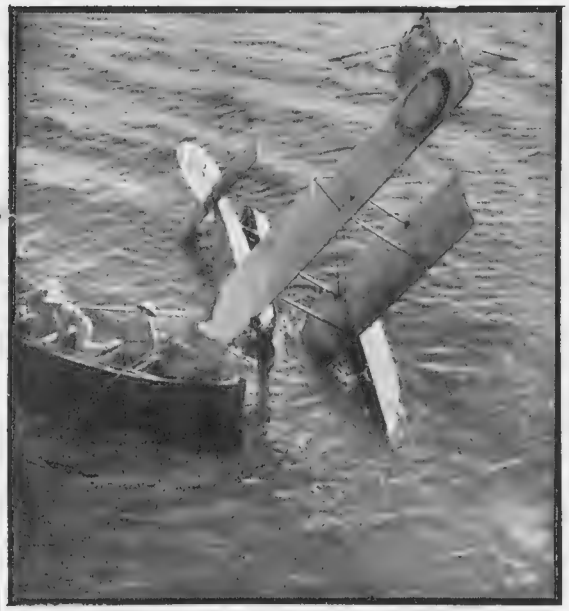


THE MACHINE ON THE DECK OF HER MOTHER-SHIP BEFORE THE ACCIDENT



"SOME" DAMAGE

THE FLIGHT THAT ENDED FATALLY



SALVAGE OPERATIONS IN PROGRESS

HOISTING THE DAMAGED SEAPLANE ON BOARD AGAIN

The accident occurred through the seaplane having her rudder shot away while flying over the mainland. "Luckily," her pilot writes, "she took up a seaward direction and I managed to glide about a mile off shore, under fire all the time." Then the machine turned completely over owing to a side wind and "I had a great job to get my head above water but I got clear and then saw my man under water jammed in some wires, so I pushed him down and got him clear." The pair were ultimately taken off by another plane after clinging to the wreck for more than three hours, and having to kick out with their feet and make a noise in order to keep off a couple of huge sharks

French Wit in War Paint

EXAMPLES FROM THIS YEAR'S SALON DES HUMORISTES

1er POILU : "Tu n'en rates pas un, l'Abbé?"
2me POILU (Curé) : "Ça ne m'empêche pas de prier pour eux" *By FORAIN*

(The first French soldier remarks : "You don't seem to miss one of them, Father?" And the second, who is a priest, replies : "No. But I pray for them all the same"

BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE

LE KAISER : "Quel dommage que vous soyez nos amis! Ça serait amusant à bombarder!" *By ABEL FAIVRE*

(The Kaiser says to the Sultan : "What a pity you are our friends. It would be fun to bombard such a City")

War Types in Paris

MONSIEUR ET MADAME SAIS TOUT

RICHARD WALLACE

THE other evening I went to see one of those regular little French revues with which the Paris theatres and music-halls abound—full of topical songs and topical girls, who dance everything from a Highland fling to a Minuet. This particular revue attracted me by its title, *Viens-tu à Tipperary*, which was in itself a delicate compliment to the British. But there was very little "Tipperary" to the entertainment. I do not think even a make-believe Irish girl figured in it. The songs, though, were good—and in particular one which treated of the ridiculous stories, both optimistic and pessimistic, with which our ears are daily filled. Do you know the type I mean — what we call here *le monsieur bien renseigné*, Mr. Know-All—optimist or pessimist, both equally pernicious? He is that personage, under a dozen different forms, whom we meet strolling along the boulevards between five and seven these hot afternoons, after having carefully perused the three o'clock *communiqué*. He is the man sitting outside the Café de la Paix or the Café Americain, smoking a large cigar and voicing his opinion and his startling information so loudly that the people at the neighbouring tables are compelled to listen.

"Joffre is preparing the 'grand coup'!"

It is again your ubiquitous *concierge* who waylays you on your way home to dinner, or the *marchand de tabac*, from whom you purchase cigarettes, or the lady who sells you the daily papers. No matter—they are all "in the know"; the source of their information is above suspicion, and they invariably leave you in a state of complete depression or unbounded joy. The one knows a lady whose cook is a cousin of Joffre's chauffeur, and, of course, this must remain *entre nous*, as it might get round to the Germans, but we are on the eve of a *grand coup*. I am ignorant as to whether General French is planning as many *grand coups* as Joffre, and whether Mr. Know-All in London possesses as startling information as Monsieur Sais Tout in Paris. My friend here, full of optimism, after telling me under the seal of secrecy all his cousin has written him, finishes up triumphantly by informing me that he has just seen a printed *affiche*, saying that no letters will be received from the front for twenty-one days. I have unconsciously taken on his air of secrecy, and I mysteriously whisper "Why?" My friend looks carefully round, and then says, "Because Joffre is preparing the *grand coup!* Besides," he adds, "I know for a certainty that there are thirty-four thousand beds ready here in Paris to receive our wounded after the great event."

And the same evening my *concierge*, who is a garrulous old lady, informs me that her niece, who is a telephone operator, actually heard the Ministre de la Guerre ordering forty trains to be held ready for Von Kluck's Army! My two optimistic informants seemed to be so sure of their information that for one single moment I almost shared their optimism.

There is, again, the type who has actually seen with his or her very own eyes the most appalling atrocities,

(Continued on page 204)

WAR TYPES IN PARIS (concluded from page 203)

or startling absurdities. An American *confrère* here decided to take the trouble to investigate one of these "facts." The atrocity in question was a girl living in Compiègne who had been hung by means of a meat hook! Her distracted parents had been spared, and to prove the absolute good faith of the narrative, their name and address was forthwith produced. Accordingly the enterprising American took the train to Compiègne, and with little difficulty discovered the street and the house indicated, which proved to be a bakery. Somewhat nervously he entered, preparing to condole with the parents in question. What was his surprise, then, to find a buxom lady who welcomed him cheerfully, and who, in reply to his question as to whether she had a daughter, immediately ran off to fetch her, and returned with as merry a little French girl as one would wish to meet. Yet there was no doubt as to the address given. This ridiculous rumour cured my American friend completely.

This story almost equals that of a military friend of mine (a Britisher, forsooth), who told me that the crew of a trawler had netted a German submarine in the Channel, and had hung every one of the German prisoners to the yard arm of the submarine. Do submarines have yard arms? And this reminds me that the know-all even gets as far as the North Sea, for an officer wrote to a friend of mine the other day and asked if it were true that President Wilson had either been murdered or committed suicide.

In the same category may be placed that yarn about the well-known French newspaper, the P . . . P . . ., which rang up a few nights ago the Paris office of the London T. . . . to enquire whether the King of Italy had been murdered. "*Pourqvoi?*" asked my friend of the T. . . . (N.B.—You must speak French on the telephone here). "Because your Paris correspondent told a man who has been in to our office that you had just got this information through!" "*Pas un mot de vrai, monsieur, bon soir!*"

"Her niece, who is a telephone operator, actually heard the Ministre de la Guerre ordering forty trains to be held ready for Von Kluck's army"

Needless to say, in the recent Ministerial upheaval in England the wildest rumours floated round Paris. Everybody has friends or relations in England—in high position, "in the know, and they have been asked to say nothing about it, but, of course . . .," followed by a slight wink, which conveys worlds to the listener, who goes away and tells the first person he meets that he knows for a positive fact that Mr. . . . was asked to relinquish his post at the . . . because he had made a small fortune out of the Government contracts, and failed to agree with "Kitchinaire," as he is pronounced in French.

"He knows a lady whose cook is a cousin of Joffre's chauffeur"

As to the last mysterious Zeppelin raid on London there is no end to the rumours thereon. Every public building in London has in turn been demolished, the most popular being the Savoy Hotel. This has attained the proportions of the famous Russian soldier myth. I have been actually assured by French friends that not a stone is left of the Savoy, and I, more insistent than they, have informed them that the Savoy still stands where it did. I might add that I really had no definite notion as to the truth of my statement when I made it, and my relief was considerable at meeting a newly arrived friend from London, who reassured me. Of course, "forewarned is forearmed," and I no longer believe all I hear, but Monsieur and Madame Sais Tout exercise great sway on the large community of credulous people, and they should be ostracised by Society.

French Wit in War Paint *(continued)*

MORE EXAMPLES FROM THE SALON DES HUMORISTES

"Cache donc ton drapeau! Tu vas te faire tuer!" *By FORAIN*

(The French soldier says to the driver of the ambulance waggon: "You had better hide that flag. They're sure to kill you")

L'HEURE DU TAUBE (Taube-time) *By ALBERT GUILLAUME*

If We HADN'T Declared War

A VISION OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED LAST YEAR

(The Editor declines to accept responsibility for the dreams of his contributors)

MR. BERTRAND RUSSEL, in a recent issue of the *Journal of Ethics*, ventilated the attractive theory that Britain's correct "ethical" conduct on the occasion of the outbreak of war should have been "non-resistance." After reading it, I fell asleep—the correct thing to do over writings on "ethics" at such times as these—and dreamed. It was one morning last August, in the thick of the Austro-Russo-Franco-German crisis. We had declared our neutrality, as per the programme of some Radical members of the Cabinet. Having settled down to a peaceful period of watchful waiting it surprised us considerably to open our papers on the morning of August 4 to learn that Germany had declared war upon *us*. The papers just published the official announcement, and nothing else. The rest of their space was devoted to "things as usual."

Days passed without news of any kind. We did not even know whether we had returned Germany's compliment by declaring war against her, or what we had done. The papers persistently refused to enlighten us, and grew more exasperatingly usual every day. So far from "signs of war" being evident, these were less than in times of peace. They had taken away even such soldiers as we had, the usual park-paraders (with female) being conspicuously absent o' nights. One day I had to go into the City, and was struck with the unusual confusion of the street traffic. Then I noticed, at the same time as my companions on the 'bus, the reason. The police had been taken off.

Coupling this with the noticed absence of the soldiery I theorised:

"*They've all been recruited secretly and sent somewhere.*"

"Poor old devils" was the comment of the man on the 'bus.

I stayed some time in the City, and on coming out of an office I noticed that the street was excited. Looking along it, I caught sight, glimmering in the August sunshine, of rows upon rows of helmets.

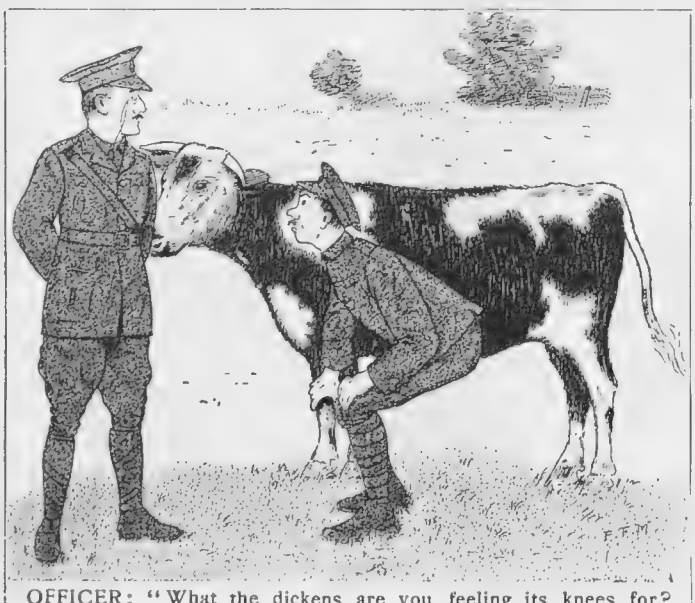
"It's the Germans," said a voice, and there was a stampede.

"Where's our Nivy?" asked another voice.

"I'm sorry," I said, thinking he was addressing me, "but I couldn't tell you, and the police are—off duty, it seems." (No man in blue was anywhere visible.)

He said he was blowed (or something to that effect), and then, so far as I know, nothing happened. Positively nothing. The Germans just came on (helmets glimmering away, and plumes streaming) and in course of an hour or so we got so tired looking at them—they all looked remarkably the same—that we went our ways *viâ* the back streets as if it had been Lord Mayor's Show.

As to what happened after that I cannot say. That's all I saw of the conquest of England. What I heard, privately, about these "historic events" I can tell you if you care to hear them. When war broke out, we ordered our Army and our police, and all men in all kinds of uniform, immediately to go into mufti. The Prime Minister and the Cabinet resigned, the former going to his riverside villa, the Chancellor going to Walton Heath, Grey to his Northumbrian trout streams, Haldane to his new translation of Schopenhauer at Cloan, Burns to Battersea, Winston to Dundee, on a long-delayed visit to the leading marmalade works. His Majesty the King went to Balmoral for some grouse-shooting, and the rest of Parliament dispersed as usual. When the Germans came they found no opposition anywhere. They sent for Mayors, requisitioned supplies, and, of course, got them. An incident here and there, perhaps, and some sudden deaths for defiant ones, but otherwise the enemy had no more difficulty in getting billeted and fed than would a British army of home defence in the same localities.



OFFICER: "What the dickens are you feeling its knees for? That's not the part we get to eat."
TOMMY: "No, Sir, but it's the part *we* get!"

The Germans entered London by three routes, from Chelmsford on the east, Sevenoaks on the south-east, and Dorking on the south. They passed through the City, to the interest of the inhabitants, and took up their positions along the main throughfares. Calling at the Mansion House for the Lord Mayor they found him not at home. He had some important business in Scotland, which he had gone north to transact. In his absence, nobody could help the German General, but he was, of course, at full liberty to help himself to anything that he fancied. The German General, rather nonplussed, swore a good deal, but nobody took much notice. A German General had a perfect right to swear. Later on, however, he decided that he could not bother about a Lord Mayor. He would go straight to Buckingham Palace. There, unfortunately, he was told that the King was shooting up north, and that the officials were unable to help him. If he liked to help himself,

(*Continued on page 208*)

At the Seaside—Now

"Hold on tight, uncle, we're coming back"
"I d-d-daren't. It m-m-ay be a m-m-mine"

IF WE HADN'T DECLARED WAR (*concluded from page 206*)

however, they could not stop him. The General then demanded where was the Prime Minister. He was told Downing Street was the address, and the German Army right-abouted across the Park, and marched solemnly across the Horse Guards Parade. At Downing Street, the General was told there was no Prime Minister at the moment, the usual occupant of that post having recently resigned.

"Then who is his successor?"

"So far as I know," replied the footman, "there isn't none, sir. I mean there isn't any, General. They decided not to 'ave a Government for a bit."

The German General swore really ferociously.

"No Government? But dis vas *skandalos!* Mit whom do ve negotiate der terms of surrender?"

"Well, General," said the footman, a man of well-known presence of mind and resource, as befits one occupying his position, "there's some forty millions of people in these islands for you to negotiate with. If it's England you're wanting, I suppose you will negotiate terms with the British people, to 'oom the island belongs."

He pointed to the crowd in the street beyond.

"So," he said, "this beoples haff no rebresendadifs, und ve must mit them diregt negotiate. Dere vos no other means of negodiating mit ein beoble than mit der rifle der bayonet und der bomb."

'Quite so, General. I suppose that is the case. But do you propose to massacre the entire forty million? If so, it will take you a long time. I reckon you've about quarter of a million troops here. That means each soldier has to account for 160 citizens in cold blood. A tall order, what, General?"

"Himmel. But, yes. A tall order, indeed. But vat else vos der to be done mit ein beople dot haff no represendadives?"

"I wish I could help you, General. But you've got me fair."

"Ve can destroy der Barliament House und der Balace, und take der gold von der Bank of England. Ve could hang der King und der late Ministers ven ve find dem, und deglare England a province of der German Empire. Vot you subbose der beoble den to do?"

"I don't suppose they could do anything. Suppose they'd just go on as usual. They wouldn't have no choice. A Government's a Government, whoever's the head of it. There's certain things we mustn't do here as there are in Germany, and I suppose if you came over here and ruled us, the only difference would be that we should be made not to do them in German instead of English."

"Ach, yes. Der English beobles vould have German to learn. Dey vould do dot, think you?"

"If you could make the forty millions learn German, if you appointed a million teachers for a twelvemonth to do nothing else but teach them, and made the people give up their occupations to do nothing else but learn. But wouldn't that be rather a big job, and would it really be worth while?"

"*Donner und Blitzen*, but I do not see dot it vould."

The General turned on his heel, cursing volubly. "Vot you do mit such ein beoble? I muss to der Kaiser for instructions telegraph. Dis vos not der job I vos prepared to come over here to do."

After that, I don't know exactly what happened, except that Germany didn't conquer us, but only robbed the banks of all the cash she could find, and went off. And then, of course, I woke up and wrote this.

THOMAS TATTENHAM

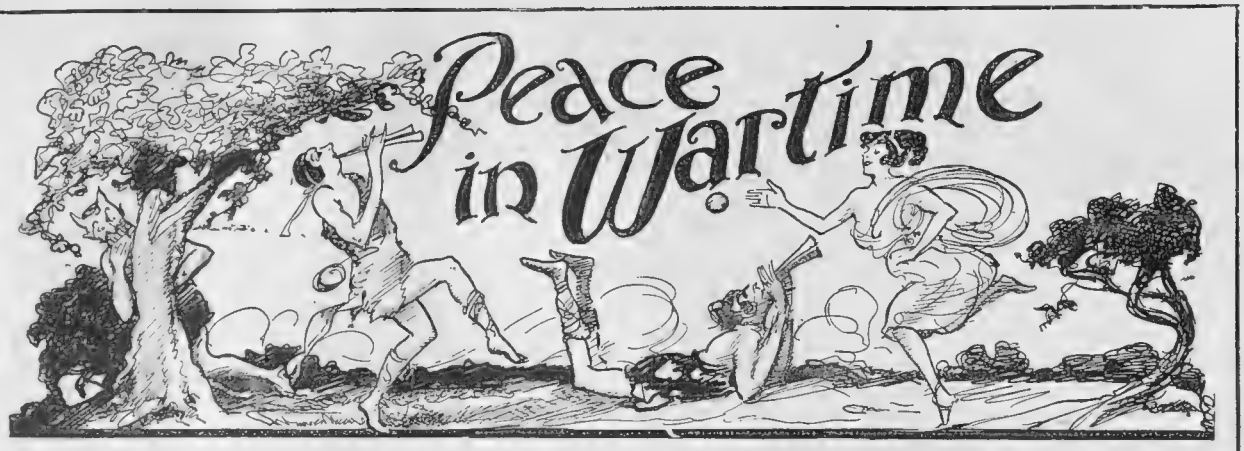
OFFICER (*after explaining various parts of the rifle*): "Now, what is the sear?"
RECRUIT (*who has been inattentive*): "This 'ere wot, Sir?"

Worth Staying at Home For

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ISOBEL ELSOM

A new portrait of this charming young actress, who is now appearing as Molly Preston, the girl who ultimately marries "The Man Who Stayed at Home" in the play of that name at the Royalty Theatre



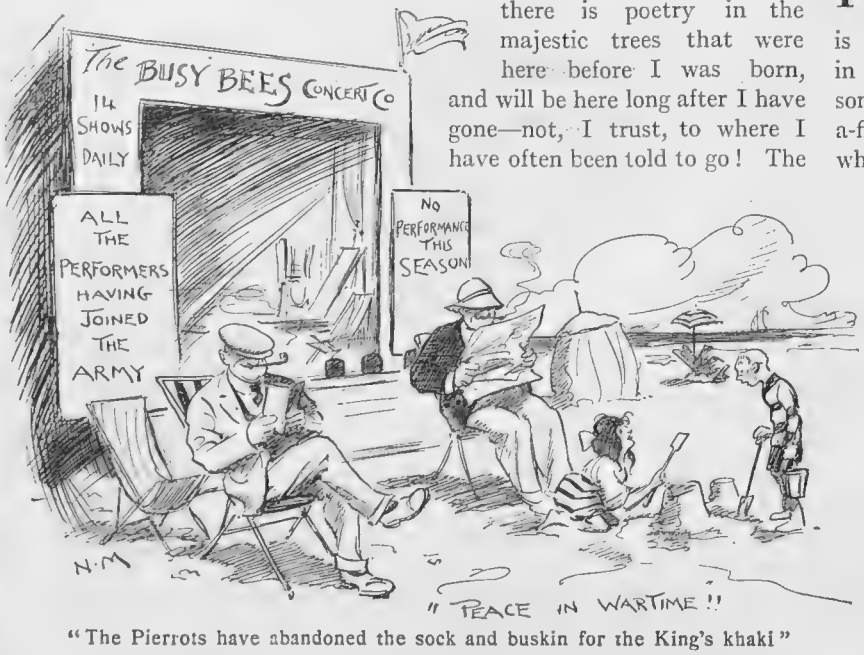
AN ANALYSIS OF ARCADIA.

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

WHEN there are no theatres to keep me in London I steal away to where I belong— the open country, where there is nothing to do and no one to do it. Here at least is peace—though Schopenhauer (a German, by the way!) warned us long ago that the peace of the countryside is a sad misnomer; for there it is war always. There is no armistice with "Nature red in tooth and claw," and here in this peaceful valley by the side of gentle waters that move to a slow music of their own, war is raging as surely as it is raging "over there" among the valiant humans. The fly that was gaily humming in the sunlight a moment ago is now fighting for its life in a spider's web; and over my head as I sit at ease a sparrow-hawk, almost motionless in the air, waits grimly for its unsuspecting prey. The struggle for existence is going on all around; and they tell me that in the remoter insect world the casualties are so appalling that fresh families are raised by the million every day to fill up the ranks.

Yet a simple soul of rural tastes—such as I—derives a generous tonic from the sight of trees and grass that are really green, and sweet-smelling earth that seems to be pleading for the work of man in order that it may yield him of its best. But that, too, means war of a kind. A gifted American writer has likened a tilled field to a woman in the anguish of travail; and I have sometimes fantastically thought that the earth itself, like its evanescent creatures, can bring forth its kindly fruits only after long suffering and pain.

When I lived much in the countryside it had little that was wonderful to me; but after a long sojourn in town there seems a sort of pious mystery about this little stream that creeps furtively between the hills; and there is poetry in the majestic trees that were here before I was born, and will be here long after I have gone—not, I trust, to where I have often been told to go! The coast resorts have no charm for me, in spite of the fact that most of the Pierrots, so I am told, have abandoned the sock and buskin (whatever they may be) for the King's khaki. Jean Jacques Rousseau, they say, never cared for the sea; his soul expanded best among the trees and by the murmuring of moving waters. And as has been well said, *Les grands esprits se rencontrent!* What? Richard Jefferies was a gentle soul whom the countryside quite intoxicated. He tells us that it was his wont to walk to a rural spot and fling himself down among the grass and heather, embracing the earth as a strong man holds the woman he loves. I do not go to that extreme length myself. It reminds me too much of the old negress's remark that the proper way to eat a water-melon is "with all your face."



"The Pierrots have abandoned the sock and buskin for the King's khaki"

I have been idling for some days beside this little stream. There is a giant pike hereabouts, and in my rare moments of leisure I sometimes, like Simon Peter, go a-fishing. Mr. Goodman, who, when he has time to waste on the depressing futilities of money-making, is the village grocer, assures me that he spent nearly all last winter in a vain effort to bring this pike to earth, and as he is a man of small means with a disproportionately large family, I readily understand that he had to carry on the good work in the face of very acute domestic opposition. They tell me, however, that his wife is a patient woman—a virtue that, indeed, becomes the spouse of a

(*Continued on page 212*)

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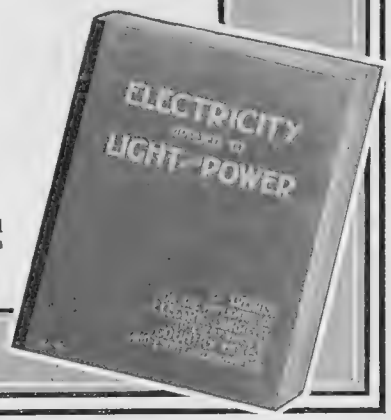

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OFFICERS' KIT.

A PERSONAL NOTE BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is regrettable to observe an increasing number of new officers wearing uniforms of indifferent material and tailoring. Their quality is not creditable to the traditions of the British Army, and this lowering of the standard is being adversely commented upon by senior officers of the Services.

There is unfortunately NO regulation quality for officers' khaki, and in consequence inferior uniforms and equipments are now offered in all parts of London at absurdly low prices, by firms who have never previously produced military garments.

This pandering to the craze for cheapness is disastrous in effect and represents a false economy, for second grade material and workmanship, apart from the question of style, will never stand the excessive strain of active service.

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PEACE IN WARTIME (concluded from page 210)

Speaks for itself

good fisherman; and, besides, if a man has but an imperfect aptitude for commercial affairs he is probably as honestly occupied in fishing for elusive pike as in interfering disastrously with the course of the family business. Mr. Goodman does not love me; for while he has been trying for months to tempt the coveted pike with home-caught gudgeon, I, with the sad effrontery of the large capitalist, have come down to the water with a tin full of silver carp, which cost at the very least a whole shilling. The "gentleman from London" is regarded as a kind of poacher here, it being generally maintained that if he wants fishing he should get it within the Metropolitan area—though I believe the fishing from Blackfriars Bridge is much hampered by close times, while the sport to be had on the Serpentine is only indifferently exciting.

The pike himself seems to share the local prejudice against me. I catch a glimpse of him now and then as he comes warily to the surface to take stock of me, and, perhaps, to wonder where I got that hat. But my silver carp leave him cold. So there is nothing left for me but to sit and drink in the soft clean air, and reflect in my simple and childlike way on the probable delights of eternal spring. Though, as someone has well said, if spring were eternal, there would be no harvest to gather in. They say the country is over-populated; but I have looked across the meadows about me and up to the hills that are growing purple in the evening light, and for two hours I have not met a human being. And then it was only an uncomely woman who gave me the quite gratuitous explanation as she passed me that she had got to go and milk the blooming cows. Her husband, she told me, is away at the other war, and she, like the other women hereabouts, is carrying on — in more senses than one. She referred to the hardships of war as one speaking of what she knew, and as she left me to pursue her way, she added that she would just like to meet a German once—though I could not help feeling that if she did so the feeling of repugnance would probably be mutual.

Waiting for a bite

The multiplication of entertainments for London Nights makes Country Nights a little dull for many people. There was a time, I know, when the contemplation of a glowing sunset, or the music of the trees that rustled in the evening air, afforded me quite a liberal entertainment; but the sadly artificial life that London compels us to lead plays havoc with the finer and holier instincts. I am still not altogether deaf to the harmonious murmuring of the tree-tops in the caressing wind; but somehow I find myself peering through the foliage and wondering when the usual lady in pink and white—especially pink—is coming out to dance on the tips of her toes to the music. It is true that after dark the frogs emerge from their nests and croak in chorus, but the performance is not highly amusing, even though they do not, as the lady once seriously alleged, do it with their hind legs.

Whether the human race is destined for the future to congregate in towns or whether it is likely to split itself up into small communities for the purpose of pursuing pastoral joys is a problem that, I am glad to say, I cannot answer. Arcadia is delightful enough by day, but to people who have lost the wholesome habit of being in bed and asleep by nine o'clock, the evenings—though it is rank heresy to admit it—are dull to the last degree. The few young men here who have missed the recruiting officer have only one way of dealing with the eternal monotony of Arcadian evenings. They walk down

"Got to go and milk the blooming cows"

the footpath across the meadows opposite my window, with one arm flung obtrusively about a female companion; and I watch them curiously till they disappear in the woods. After that, of course, it is no business of mine. JINGLE

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TOPPING THE TONYKU

The said Tonyku being a test hill of sharp gradient outside Brisbane. The car is a Napier, driven by Mr. W. T. Forrest, the owner, and, although taken straight off the road after 10,000 miles and run at touring trim, it defeated every other Queensland competitor

The Motorist's Contribution

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A Good Fellow

I DO not desire unduly to raise the Ebenezer or exalt the *ego* or laud the service of the motorist, but I should like to affirm (against all manner of folks) that he is, in the mass, a good fellow with a large civic sense. This may not be saying very much. It would *not* be saying very much of any other citizen; but we have for so long been called upon to regard our motorist as an anti-social person with anarchistic principles, seeking his own gratification to the inconvenience and at the expense of the law-abiding non-motoring population, that what would be nothing meritorious in one of the latter assumes the proportions of a halo when applied to the motorist.

***

Earning a Halo

Very well. I will take the risk of being accused halo-maker of my own crowd. I want to say that the private motorist since the war began has earned a halo; and I want to submit with all due humility that he has given to the service of the State with a liberality not often equalled and never once surpassed by any other section of the civil community. In witness whereof I beg to refer to the annual report of the Automobile Association, presented to the annual meeting of members at the Hotel Cecil a day or two syne.

***

The A.A. Effort

Wheresoever a car seems to have been wanted, there (it seems) was the A.A. member waiting to serve. The volume and extent of such service I have no room to detail. I refer you to the report aforementioned, itself but a brief summary. The organisation of it was hardly less important. To mass a number of cars and drivers just where high authority wanted them, rendered the service of double size and value. The A.A., the first motoring organisation to present the motorist and his car in bulk as a State factor of great beneficent potentiality, the A.A. did this organising. The A.A. presented to the State several hundred trained men, recruited from its road patrols. The A.A. guarded the cables, the A.A. subscribed, converted, and equipped over a hundred ambulances. The A.A. organised a small army of motor constabulary for secret service. The A.A. called up cars by the dozen or the hundred, as the occasion required, for nearly every purpose. The A.A. did these and a great number of other things which its report does not mention (in addition to maintaining the efficiency of its civil service for members), because its members responded with time, money, and cars, when called upon. Its members are our private motorists.

***

"Honour to Whom Honour"—

Therefore I beg leave again to say that the private motorist has proven (for the ten thousandth time) that he is, in the main, exactly what the non-motoring section said he was not. But, bless us, that does not prevent him being persecuted for prejudice's sake nor prosecuted for stupidity's (and cupidity's) sake by the people whose interests he is serving—by the people who are doing less in the public service than he, while they cry aloud upon his selfishness.

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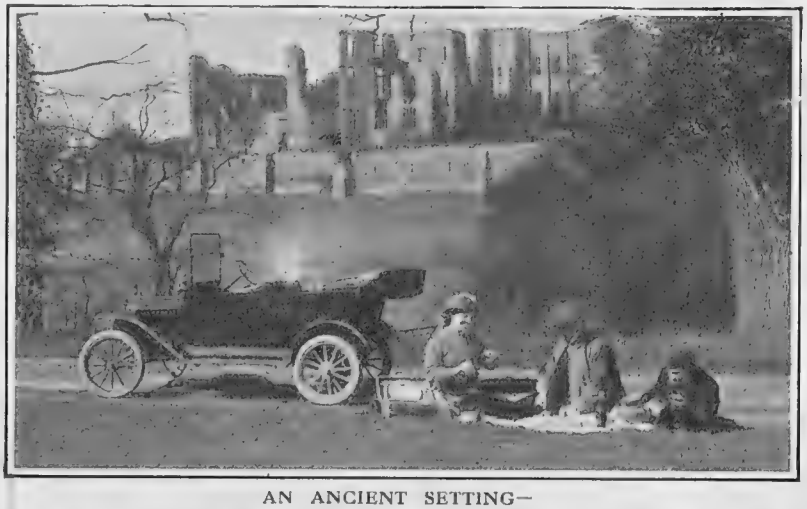

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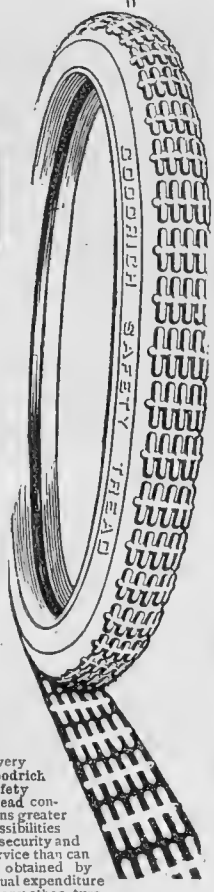

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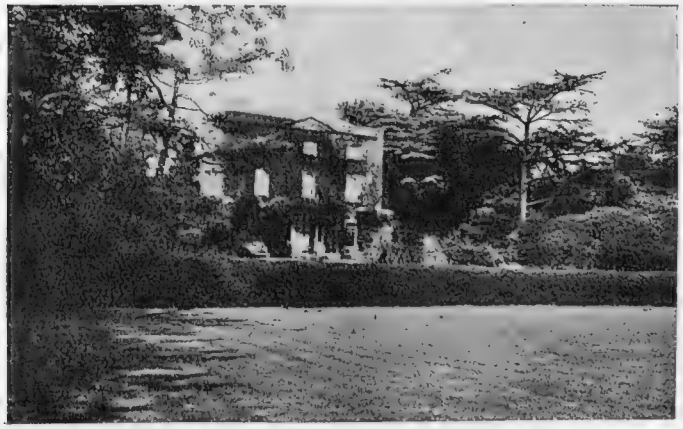

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FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE

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Beautifully healthy spot; 600ft. above sea level.

TO BE SOLD.

A PRETTY, WELL-DESIGNED MODERN RESIDENCE, built of brick and facing South, approached by a well-shrubbed drive. Accommodation: 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servants' sitting room, etc.; Company's water; stabling and coach-house or garage; the grounds of 6½ acres are nicely laid out in shrubbery, flower borders and pergolas, tennis lawn, orchard, and kitchen garden; another 6 acres are rented on lease; near Walton Heath Golf Course.—Box K 8,167, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

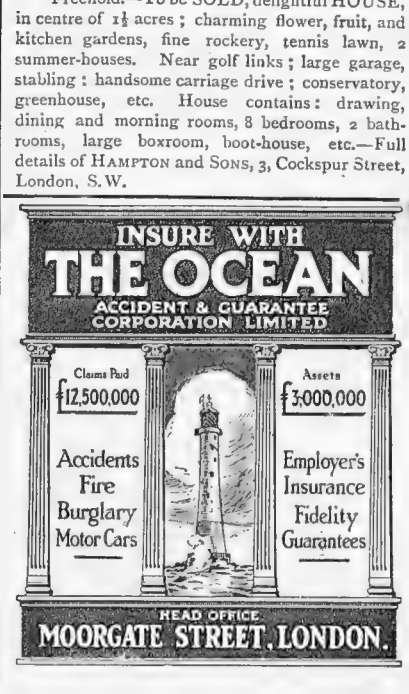
ASHDOWN FOREST.—ADJOINING THE FOREST, close to golf links.—To be SOLD, one of the choicest properties in the South of England, thoroughly well built and fitted, and unique in every way. It contains: magnificent reception hall, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, complete domestic offices; motor garage, lodge, and excellent cottage; petrol gas.

EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 5¼ ACRES.

THE PROPERTY IS THE SHOW PLACE OF THE DISTRICT.

—Box H 19,344, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

SURREY HILLS (about 400ft. up; superb views). Freehold.—To be SOLD, delightful HOUSE, in centre of 1½ acres; charming flower, fruit, and kitchen gardens, fine rockery, tennis lawn, 2 summer-houses. Near golf links; large garage, stabling: handsome carriage drive; conservatory, greenhouse, etc. House contains: drawing, dining and morning rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, large boxroom, boot-house, etc.—Full details of HAMPTON and SONS, 3, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.



Fashions & Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Revival of the "Tammy"

THIS year shooting-parties will be non-existent, for very good and obvious reasons. Nevertheless, Scotland is the objective of a large majority, chiefly of the feminine sex, for the holidays. And those who are not meditating Scotland appear to be of one mind as to the desirability of Devonshire and Cornwall. There is a prevalent feeling that this south-west coast is as likely to be as immune as anywhere from unpleasant aerial visitors. For these two extremes, outfits are totally opposed in character. Nor is there any mistaking the limitations accorded both. No one is buying a single thing more than is absolutely necessary, and for the Highlands a couple of useful tailor-mades frequently sum up the needs for day wear, with teagowns and *demi-toilettes* for the evenings.

As it is proposed to treat of the latter exhaustively next week, we will deal exclusively with the former. And I am the more encouraged to do so in view of the fact that I have a particularly original moor suit wherewith to point my remarks, the *ensemble* including a glorified "Tammy" that has unexpectedly and quite irresistibly come into favour again. The homespun employed for the suit is that indescribably lovely heather colour made up of dull mauves with flecks of dull yellow, the shade of dying bracken.

The essence of such a practical skirt as is shown is the straight appearance, allied with a requisite amount of fulness. The latter is obtained through the medium of four double but shallow box-pleats, arranged back and front and either side. In respect of the coat, it would be impossible to imagine a cleverer design. With simplicity for the salient feature, distinction is imparted by the unexpected zouave *mouvement* and the deep, pointed pockets, a welcome variant of the now familiar balloon *poche*. The threaded soft-folded belt is of dull mauve *suède*, the "Tammy" alluded to above having a crown of the homespun drawn into a deep band of the *suède*, two game wings poised at a bizarre angle completing the story.

ORIGINAL MOOR SUIT

Of heather-coloured homespun, to which, in spite of its simplicity, distinction is imparted by the cleverness of the design

The Vogue for Wraps "Ensuite"

At a house renowned for its original sports and country creations, nearly every suit of this description is accompanied either by a cloak or loose slip-on coat, built of the same material. Belts still obtain to a marked extent in this *galère*, where they really are of some practical value. Personally, I think the circular cloak is a happier adjunct than this overcoat, but the latter has the advantage of being newer, and also not so easily obtainable. At this same house much insistence is laid on the straight hanging skirt; nothing in the least degree flaring is tolerated where the sports skirt is concerned. The great trouble naturally is the difficulty in getting both materials and special colours.

Covert Coating Gowns

Given any sort of a chance, the blue-grey of the improved French uniforms would have carried a large public away with it. Whereas we have to take what we can get, a fact that may easily account for the continued favour of covert coating dresses as something to consider for the early autumn. They promise to be severe straight up and down gowns, worn with narrow belts and visibly buttoning up the front. Although I recall one advance model of original character, the bodice of which had obviously been inspired by the tunics worn by the R.F.C.

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued from page v)

a service that is leaping and bounding into esteem and favour. This crossed right over from shoulder to shoulder, and then gradually sloped off to the waist. And I very sincerely commended the good taste that stopped short of the basque. For there is no greater evidence of lack of taste than the feeble plagiarisms of the uniforms of His Majesty's Forces. Anyway, I am sure we are going to like these covert coating dresses, which will be very well made on severe tailored lines. And I have sneaking hopes we shall have the courage to dispense with the aggressive *lingerie* collar, which is becoming a very weariness to the eye, now that anybody can get it for a few pence.

The Last Blouse of Summer

Nor is there any mistaking the effort that has been quietly proceeding, to oust the dead white *lingerie* blouse. I trust it is not tempting the war gods to look as far ahead as next spring. For I am tempted to do so in the cause of the delicately tinted blouse. A particularly ravishing example only offered under the most exclusive and costly auspices is in a soft canary yellow *linon*. Then, of course, there is pale pink *organdi*, whose assured career has only been impeded by the war, and the impossibility of delivery, together with the always charming champagne and flesh-pink *crêpe de Chine*. While as to the part destined for Georgette in the realm of blouses one can almost prognosticate anything. It is such an altogether adorable material, infinitely easier to manage—so experts tell me—than chiffon and *ninon*, and with double the resistance. In fact, the two other transparencies have a real and very sure rival in Georgette.

Quite of the latest is the blouse pictured of delicate sulphur-coloured *linon*, showing the new yoke modelled in one with a flaring collar, that after closing at the throat is scooped out to form a slight *décolletage*. And there are other novel features such as the setting on of the body part with a regulated fulness and the mounting of the sleeves with a tiny upright frill. The short basque also makes for freshness, a soft patent belt passed through a metal buckle completing the scheme.

BLOUSE OF SULPHUR-COLOURED "LINON"

The novel features of which are described on this page. Delicately tinted blouses are gradually ousting those of dead white

AN INTERIOR

Of the spacious offices of the Italian State Railways, recently opened in Waterloo Place

Under Royal Patronage

Queen Alexandra having graciously consented to become patron of the National Collection of Eggs for the Wounded, the Committee have decided to institute a special week, commencing Monday, August 16, when they are appealing for a million eggs within the week. There are no expenses, egg-boxes are sent free to applicants, and all transit is paid. Eggs should be sent to the nearest depôt, or to the central depôt, Messrs. Harrods, Ltd., Trevor Square, London, S.W. Donations of cash should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, R. J. Dartnall, 154, Fleet Street.

Italy as Usual

If only as evidence of the enterprise of a trusty ally the opening last week in Waterloo Place of the new office of the Italian State Railways is an event not to be overlooked. Here, in the heart of London, we now have a palatial bureau with an energetic staff ready to show all and sundry how to go to Italy, why to go, and what to do and see when they get there. In Waterloo Place they now issue direct and circular tickets and local tickets for Italy, make complete arrangements for journeys, and hand out illustrated booklets (gratis), including those of the Touring Club Italiano. A beautiful library, with a comprehensive selection of photographs, a bank, and a waiting-hall fitted up in artistic Italian style are features of the building. As the manager said: "There is no reason why we should not start the business in London now. Everything in Italy for the traveller is as usual. The war has not come to Italy, nor is it likely to do so. Therefore, our note is 'Go to Italy.'"

Smith's Thousand

The number of employés of W. H. Smith and Son serving with the colours has now reached 1,000, a figure which represents a very high percentage of the total men available, having regard to the fact that a very large proportion of the *personnel* of the firm consists of boys under military age and women and girls. The list is headed by no less than four out of the six partners of the firm.

Weymouth and its Colonial Visitors

A large number of Australians and New Zealanders who have been invalided to the Motherland from the battle heights of Gallipoli have a big convalescents' base near Weymouth, where the men were recently fêted and entertained at the Pavilion. Weymouth is steadily gathering in its

(*Continued on page viii*)

Send YOUR Soldier a flask of

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK TABLETS

Think what a blessing these delicious Food Tablets are to men on active service. They are always ready for immediate use, and a few dissolved in the mouth will maintain the strength of the Soldier when he most needs it. They supply sufficient nourishment to sustain for hours, give increased body heat and vitality, prevent fatigue and relieve thirst.

We will send post free to ANY address a flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If on active service be particular to give regimental number, rank, name, squadron or company, battalion, battery, regiment (or other unit), staff appointment or department. State whether serving with British Expeditionary Force or Mediterranean Expeditionary Force; or, if not with either, give name of place at which unit is stationed.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, **1/-** each. Larger sizes, **1/6, 2/6** and **11/-**

Liberal Sample sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

THE QUEEN OF CREAMS

Milkmaid Cream is *all* Cream—Pure, Rich, and Thick—not a particle of preservative. Being easily digested and free from every impurity, it is better and far safer than dairy cream for children and those ordered a cream diet. Delightful with all kinds of fresh, stewed, tinned or bottled fruit.

MILKMAID CREAM

Can be "whipped" but can't be beaten.

Write for a copy of the interesting Booklet "ALL ABOUT CREAM," containing over 70 delicious recipes, sent post free.

Sold in 5d., 6½d. and 10½d. tins by all Grocers and Stores.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS SUBSTITUTES or 'just as goods' whether in tins or jars—they will only cause disappointment. Insist on Milkmaid Cream and if any difficulty in procuring, send postcard to **"MILKMAID BRAND," C.L. Depot, 6-8, Eastcheap, LONDON.**

AFTER TWELVE MONTHS

of war, during which the price of practically everything the housewife requires has gone up by leaps and bounds, St. Ivel Lactic Cheese has remained the same, notwithstanding the fact that the increased cost of raw material has cost the Company many thousands of pounds.

St. Ivel, Ltd., may well be proud of the fact that so far as St. Ivel Lactic Cheese is concerned "your food has not cost you more"; can you say this of many other articles of food appearing on your table? Eat more St. Ivel Lactic Cheese and less meat, and you will not only be healthier and wealthier, but you will also have proved that you are wiser.

A Fascinating Pastime

For Long Evenings and Wet Days

Try "The Graphic"

JIG-SAW PUZZLES.

Our puzzles are the best value on the market.

		s.	d.
80 pieces, average size	9 by 6	1	2
100 " " "	11 by 7	1	6
125 " " "	13 by 9	2	3
250 " " "	20 by 12	4	6
300 " " "	20 by 15	6	6
400 " " "	22 by 16	8	6
500 " " "	24 by 16	10	6

Post Free in the United Kingdom.

A splendid selection of artistic pictures are used and are all cut by experts. When ordering please say if for child or adult.

THE "GRAPHIC" GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

(*Continued from page* vi)

summer visitors, and the presence of the Colonials on the animated promenades is a popular and inspiring sight. Colonel Sir Newton Moore, K.C.M.G., a distinguished Australian administrator, is in charge of their camp, which great numbers of visitors go out to see daily from Weymouth. In fact, everything points to a fairly busy August for this much-favoured watering place, which guarantees immunity from Zeppelin or any other raids, and where business is very much as usual in the holiday amusements line.

A Sure Income for Life

Under this alluring title a booklet has just been issued by the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, which deals in a convincing and interesting manner with the many kinds of annuity offered by this company. First are given some cogent reasons for using one's capital or savings for the purchase of an income that is sure for life; then come explanations of immediate, joint, and deferred annuities and examples are given to show how others have benefited by means of one or another of the various forms of Sun Life of Canada Annuities. There is also an interesting chapter on income insurance—a plan for leaving the widow a sure income instead of the responsibilities of capital. Every reader of this journal who has money invested or to invest, or is able to save a few pounds yearly to make provision for old age should read every page of this interesting booklet. A copy will be sent post free to anyone writing for same to the Manager, Sun Life of Canada, 72, Canada House, Norfolk Street, London, W.C.

A NEW MODEL

Waterman's lever self-filling pen, showing the lever in action

Amesbury Abbey in the Market

One of the most important properties in England will be offered for sale by auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, 20, Hanover Square, W., at the New Theatre, Salisbury, on the 21st of next month. This is the famous Amesbury Abbey Estate, the property of Sir Cosmo Antrobus, Bart., in which is included Stonehenge, the largest and most complete of any of the circles of standing stones in Great Britain. Apart from Stonehenge the estate possesses considerable historical interest, and the abbey is one of the finest houses in the kingdom. At the present time, too, a military interest attaches to the estate as Bulford and Larkhill camps adjoin it, and the authorities have recently laid a railway across the property and erected electric light works. The greater part of the town of Amesbury is included in the sale, the particulars and conditions of which are set out in a handsome and beautifully illustrated book of nearly 100 pages—a veritable *edition de luxe* among catalogues.

A Fountain Pen Improvement

The latest development in the fountain pen industry is the new lever pocket self-filling pen invented by the makers of the world-famous Waterman's "Ideal." The distinguishing feature of this new model is the rapidity with which it can be filled by means of a small lever which fits flush on the barrel and in no way detracts from the beauty of the pen or interferes with one's comfort in handling. To fill, all one has to do is to raise and lower the lever. The new model, as a writing implement, is in every way the equal of the ordinary type of Waterman's "Ideal," and as almost all the leading stationers and stores stock these pens no one need hesitate to ask to be shown a selection. The new model is called the new lever pocket self-filling Waterman's "Ideal," and is sold at 12*s.* 6*d.* and upwards. An illustrated leaflet, describing the pen, may be obtained post free from L. G. Sloan, the Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.

The Menu: Practical Recipes for Every Day

Sardine Fritters

Carefully wipe off the skin of twelve sardines and remove the bones. Cut into thin slices half a small loaf of brown bread, butter them lightly, and trim neatly; then cut them into finger-shapes, a little larger than the sardines, and place one sardine between two slices of bread; dip them carefully into frying batter, and fry in deep fat to a golden brown. Drain on paper, sprinkle with salt, dish up, and serve hot.

Beef Trifles

Mince very finely or put through the mincing-machine 1 lb. of cold roast beef, put it into a basin, and mix with it a seasoning of salt and pepper, 3 oz. of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of finely grated horse-raddish, six tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, and a teaspoonful of minced onion. Mix these ingredients well together, and moisten with two well-beaten eggs. Put the mixture into small well-buttered moulds, bake in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, then turn out, and serve with a thick brown gravy. This is a dainty way of using up the remains of cold beef.

Savoury Ham Creams (Cold)

Cut up 6 oz. of lean cooked ham, 2 oz. of cooked ox-tongue, two small ripe tomatoes, and pound all well together till quite smooth; then add half a pint of béchamel sauce, one dessertspoonful of chutney, and seasoning. Rub through a fine sieve. Mask a number of small casserole cups with aspic jelly, dissolve ¼ oz. of gelatine in remainder of jelly, and strain into the prepared mixture; stir well so as to incorporate the gelatine and aspic, and fill the moulds. When set, turn out and serve.

Macaroni Cutlets

Boil 4 oz. of macaroni in water for twenty minutes, then cut it into pieces of half an inch in length. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and add gradually ½ oz. of flour, when well blended stir in half a pint of hot milk, stir over the fire until the sauce thickens. Mix the macaroni, 4 oz. of grated cheese, one teaspoonful of French mustard, a pinch of salt and cayenne with the sauce, then turn out on a plate, and leave till cold. Form into cutlets or small rolls, roll in breadcrumbs, then dip in beaten egg, and again roll in crumbs. Fry the cutlets in boiling fat until they are of a golden colour, and serve with a garnish of fried parsley. If the mixture is formed into cutlet shape place a small piece of macaroni at the thin end to represent a bone.

Spaghetti Pudding

Cook 4 oz. of spaghetti for from twenty to thirty minutes in boiling salted water, drain it, and place half of it in a pie-dish, grate 2 oz. of cheese, and sprinkle some of it over the spaghetti, slice four or five small tomatoes, and place them on the spaghetti, sprinkling them with cheese, pepper, and salt, and finish with the remainder of the spaghetti, placing the rest of the cheese on the top. Pour over this half a pint of milk, and cover the dish with a plate; cook in a moderate oven.

Béchamel Sauce

Put 2 oz. of butter and 1½ oz. of flour into a stewpan. When well mixed, add one pint of white stock or milk (if the latter is used, a small onion should be peeled and added). Stir till the sauce boils, then simmer for twenty minutes. Strain into another stewpan, take out the onion, and, if at hand, add a tablespoonful of cream and the strained juice of half a lemon. Let it boil well from three to five minutes, when it will be ready for the table. A few mushrooms, about six, washed and peeled, are an improvement to the flavour of the sauce, and should be added to the sauce and boiled with it, but it can be made without them.

EMILIA